

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## THE DEAD CHRIST.

THREE days in the sepulchre,  
Silent as the patient dead,  
One was lying still and fair.  
Years of years! and overhead  
Spun the world's cry up through air;  
Fell from Heaven unanswered.

Was the sleep so very sweet  
In the silence cool and dim  
Draping him from head to feet,  
Holding weary heart and limb  
Moveless in the winding-sheet,  
While the world cried out on him?

Cried upon a heedless Christ  
Lying in the dead man's place,  
With no mind to turn and list;  
With the death upon his face,  
And the lips the traitor kissed  
Fair and frozen in their grace.

In his Father's house on high  
It had been another thing;  
The wild joy had passed him by;  
For his smile the seraphs sing,  
He is listening steadfastly  
For the snapping of a string:

When a human heart unmeet  
For the sorrow and the need,  
Breaks a-sudden at his feet,  
He will gather it with speed,  
This his harvest, wide and sweet,  
Smoking flax and bruised reed.

These are his to have and hold,  
And he waits long hours together  
By the gates of carven gold,  
For the cries that come up hither  
From the lost ones of his fold  
Wandering in the windy weather.

Nay, the surer help to render,  
This Good Shepherd leaveth oft  
His fair Heaven, nor rues its splendor;  
If he hears the bleating soft,  
Of a young lamb weak and tender,  
Strayed to some far vale or croft.

Who hath trod the ways of pain  
Hath not met him in the gloom  
Coming swiftly through the rain?  
Hath not prayed to hear him come?  
Many a weary head hath lain  
On his breast, and found it home.

Shall one cry and he not hear?  
When the night comes down in dread  
Lo! he standeth very near.  
"Child of mine! be not afraid,  
In mine arms shall come no fear,  
In my hands your hands are laid!"

If he turn his face away,  
Never answering a word  
When for some ill boon we pray,  
And his lips with pain are stirred,  
Blessed be his name for aye  
For the prayers he hath not heard!

We shall find them elsewhere,  
Garnered up by love divine,  
Some day, lips too dry for prayer,  
Hands too weak to pour the wine,  
Shall be given to drink, and bear,  
Vintage of an older vine.

Ah! the earth sore travailing  
When the Christ was lying dead;  
Not a bird might dare to sing,  
Not a flower might lift its head;  
Day and night the thundering  
Of the Lord's wrath overhead!

And the world's cry, desolate,  
Like a sad, grey, wounded bird  
Beating wild at Heaven's gate;  
And One speaking not a word,  
Like a dead king keeping state,  
With his tender heart unstirred!

Month.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

It might have been! Oh, saddest words of all,  
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall.  
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will  
fall,  
For "might have been."

Oh, could we live our lives all o'er again!  
Could we forget the present, with the pain  
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.  
It might have been.

It might have been. Oh, words of wild regret;  
Sorrow for vanished hours, and yet—ah, yet—  
Would we, if e'en we could, forget—forget  
What might have been?

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope  
lies  
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,  
And none but God may ever hear our sighs  
O'er "might have been."

God knoweth best; and though our tears fast  
fall,  
Though none beside may know, he knoweth all,  
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—  
The "might have been."

Chambers' Journal.

## THE VIRGIN IN HOLMAN HUNT'S NEW PICTURE.

DIVINELY sad, but yet serene,  
Worn with fatigue, but tranquil still,  
On foot, on hand, on form, on mien,  
Trace of the subjugated will,  
She holds, yet does not hold, her child,  
But sits all calm; and as we gaze,  
We know, yet know not why, that fear  
In her is but a sweet amaze.

Spectator.

W.

From The Quarterly Review.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS AGE.\*

THE centenary of Samuel Johnson's death is no unimportant landmark in the history of English literature. No man of his generation stood out with such conspicuous eminence during his lifetime in the world of letters. He was undisputed dictator far beyond his own circle: within that circle his powerful personality gave him the force of a giant amongst a group of singularly gifted men. But any fairly intelligent and well-informed man, had he attempted in December, 1784, to anticipate the verdict of posterity, might have felt himself justified in predicting but a small future for Johnson's fame. Force of character had, indeed, made him great amongst those who knew him personally. But Johnson, from constitutional indolence, had, for many years, too much confined himself to this sort of influence, deliberately acting, as he says himself, like a physician who retires from a large city practice to the narrow sphere of a country town. No record, it might well be supposed, could convey to future generations the impressions which actual contact produced. To all outward appearance his life had been singularly uneventful. He had taken no conspicuous part in public affairs. His literary work was not voluminous, and part of it at least might seem to have died a natural death before the close of his own life. His work as a lexicographer was certain to be soon overlaid by the results of more accurate scholarship. His essays belonged to a species of literature whose popularity was already a thing of the past. The "Lives of the Poets," indeed, contained much that was certain not to die; but it might have been doubted whether their brilliancy and pen-

etration would keep alive a series of biographies of which the subjects were, in some cases, already obscure, and which were marred at times by prejudice, or by an almost ostentatious indifference to minute or careful investigation. The didactic poems were, indeed, read and admired; but a few hundred lines were not, it might reasonably be judged, a very broad foundation for future fame. Johnson's early dramatic attempt, in "Irene,"\* was already dead and buried. A few years, then, our prophetic critic might well have believed, will see the entire oblivion of a personality which we, his contemporaries, have naturally been disposed to exaggerate.

Signs are not wanting that this was the verdict of not a few at the time of Johnson's death. Those who had known him hastened to put on record their reminiscences, as though they feared that the impression of his force would soon pass away. Other literary tastes were rising than those with which Johnson is identified. New lines of interest were being opened up. Social and political questions were obtrusively invading the domain of literature. To all appearance the day was past when Johnson would be regarded as a force of the first magnitude in the world of letters or of thought.

This, we say, might have been the judgment of no dull or ignorant man, but of one who based his opinion upon fairly solid grounds. It teaches us how little such judgments are to be trusted, if we look at the actual fact. Whatever may be the reason, it is unquestionably true that Johnson's influence is not only an enduring one, but is probably stronger now than it has ever been since his death. We have drifted far past the point in the stream where he had fixed his moorings.

\* 1. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. New Edition. London, 1876.

2. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. A Reprint of the First Edition. Edited, with New Notes, by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London, 1874.

3. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. With Notes and Appendices. By Alexander Napier, M.A. London, 1884.

4. *Samuel Johnson*. By Leslie Stephen. "English Men of Letters." London, 1882.

5. *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. By Samuel Johnson. Being a Facsimile Reproduction of the First Edition, published in 1759. With an Introduction by Dr. James Macaulay. London, 1884.

\* Johnson retained a certain interest in his early dramatic attempt, but he had none of an author's proverbial partiality for it. By a sort of whimsical paradox he once maintained that a passage in Congreve's "Mourning Bride" was better than anything in Shakespeare. But he was under no such misapprehension as to "Irene." A gentleman named Pot was reported to Johnson as having said that it "was the finest tragedy of modern times." "If Pot says so, Pot lies," said Johnson, and "relapsed into his reverie." (Letter from Sir Walter Scott in Croker's Correspondence, vol. ii, p. 32.)

Opinions which he defended stoutly seem to have become almost impossible. Those landmarks of society to which he attached supreme importance are uprooted. New standards of criticism have been established, many of which would have provoked his contemptuous indignation. All this is true; and yet the authority of Johnson, his manner of viewing certain social and literary questions which must always retain their interest, the trenchant judgments which he made impressive by his manner of delivering and enforcing them, his mental attitude even when defending theories which would nowadays command little assent,—all these remain with us as fresh and vigorous as ever. It would almost seem as if, in an age like our own, which can boast of little independent judgment, and is so easily swayed by the caprices of superficial fashion in thought as well as in literature, we were attracted by the very sense of our own weakness to the manly and vigorous independence which, even in his prejudices, never deserted Johnson.

We have no wish to attempt another of the many pictures of Johnson and his circle, copied in miniature from the pages of Boswell. The most captious critic cannot complain of the manner in which Mr. Leslie Stephen has done this for the reader too engrossed to afford himself time for the longer study, while he has also added an estimate of Johnson's character which will be prized by readers of a very different class. His essay on Johnson's literary position is a piece of the most delicate workmanship; and he has contrived, as only a true literary instinct would enable him to do, to enter into and appreciate even those points in Johnson's character and opinion with which he would naturally find himself most out of sympathy. But each new page in our history affords some new illustration of the manner in which Johnson has affected posterity; and the hundredth anniversary of his death seems to offer a fitting occasion for estimating once more what it is he represents in the spirit of the eighteenth century, and of what he is typical to our own age.

The biographical interest which centres

round Johnson is so great, that it seems in danger of overshadowing unduly the literary reputation which belongs to him. Those chance utterances in conversation, for which he anticipated nothing but oblivion, have been preserved for us as a literary legacy, greater perhaps in value than any of Johnson's own written books. But the sweeping verdict of condemnation and oblivion often passed upon the latter, is as much due to the carelessness which finds its intellectual food in the freshest productions of the circulating library, as to a deliberate distaste for Johnson's work. That Johnson's immortality is due only to Boswell, is one of those often-repeated maxims which those who utter them seldom take the trouble to test. We believe that, in spite of all his defects, Johnson will find readers and admirers amongst the best of each generation, as long as the English language lasts. We may dismiss "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" as turgid in expression, labored in imagery, and too artificial to be ranked as poetry: it is well, however, to remember that Johnson's poetry found earnest admirers in Pope and in Byron, and that Scott "found more pleasure in reading 'London,' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' than any other poetical composition he could mention." Before we consign "The Rambler" and "The Idler" to oblivion, it might not be amiss to trace the effect of some of these essays on minds whose whole cast was different from that of Johnson, and to ascertain how much of the shrewd wisdom and humor of more modern imitators has had its origin in their suggestions. The veriest tyro in criticism will point out the defects of "Rasselas" in construction, the absurdities of some of its descriptions, and the absence of all natural character and incident. But such strictures leave untouched all that for which the book is really valuable,—the calmness of its wisdom, its language always dignified and often simple in its strength, and, above all, the skill with which the aim of the book is pursued, never deviating from one vein of thought throughout. We have learned to sneer at the criticisms in the "Lives of the Poets," and a few modern



schools are content to regard some of the "Lives" as too outrageous to require to be met by deliberate argument. But it would be well at the same time to remember that not one of Johnson's criticisms in those "Lives" has failed to exercise a distinct and appreciable effect on the reputation of its subject. We may dispute his conclusions; we may detect him in inaccuracy; we may see the influence of prejudice in his judgments. But no man, attempting a fair estimate of the genius of Cowley, of Milton, of Dryden, or of Swift, can afford to ignore the verdict given on each by Johnson in the "Lives of the Poets." Of how many contemporary works of criticism will the same thing be said a hundred years hence?

Those who are most decided in the condemnation of Johnson's literary work, generally rest their judgment chiefly upon the faults of a style which is not so much that of Johnson, as the popular conception of the manner in which he wrote. Let us make all the concessions that truth demands. Let us admit that Johnson's words are often sesquipedalian; that he inverts the order of words usual in English, and substitutes for it an order which is more commonly identified with Latin; that, indeed, to use Goldsmith's words, "he makes his little fishes talk like whales." All this, we are quite ready to grant, may be found in certain phases of Johnson's style. But let us not commit the mistake of thinking that Johnson erred, if he did err, from the dulness of pedantry that uses an inflated style because it deems it more dignified, and is unconscious of the strength of a concise, simple, and what is called a Saxon, style. Johnson deliberately chose what we call the inverted order, because he deemed it more logical. He used Latin words because he held that the genius of our language was classical, and because he felt that for all to whom literary expression did not come by nature and genius, the Latin style was the safest and the least liable to the abuse of affectation. For ourselves we think that the adoption of that style, which marks all the middle period of Johnson's life, is to be regretted—not because the example was a bad one,

but because Johnson was one of those very few men by whom the gift of literary expression was possessed in its highest form. Let us go to his last and perhaps his greatest work, the "Lives of the Poets," where he wrote with the careless ease of a man whose word was law, and whose reputation had nothing either to gain or lose. Let us take at random a few of the sentences there to be found on every page, which might serve as models of terseness and perspicuity. "Wit is that which he that has never found it wonders how he missed." "Hope is always liberal: they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of the morrow." "Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate." "Waller praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise." Or take one only of those passages which linger in our memory, and to which he who has once learned to prize them turns back again and again, when the ear is jaded with the tiresome slipshod affectations into which our morbid dread of pedantry is apt now to lead us. It is the totally irrelevant passage with which he fills up, in a manner which few will regret, a life of Edmund Smith on which he did not care to bestow much labor of investigation:—

Of Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

He was of an advanced age, and I was only yet a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honored him, and he endured me.

He had mingled with the gay world without exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular and then pious.

His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge.

His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.

At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend; but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

We are not then inclined to agree with the verdict which traces the vitality and force of Johnson's influence merely to the accident of his life having been written by Boswell; we believe that the question of his place even as a poet is one on which a succeeding age may very well reverse the verdict of an age devoted to different ideals. We believe that even amongst those who are most apt to decry his claims, not a few would be astonished to find how many of his verses have become household words for their tersely expressed and searching truth. Neglected as "*Rasselas*" is, we believe there are few men who, having once caught the spirit of the story, will readily lay it down without having read it to the end. We are wayward enough to find very many touches of genuine humor in the essays, and to deem that their satire might not be wasted even on the society of our own day. Of his critical works we make bold to say that the authority does not grow less by time, and that they represent a stage in English criticism from which we have, perhaps, advanced in subtlety and ingenuity, but visibly declined in vigor, in boldness, and in truth. But we are still ready to admit to the full, that the real interest which is aroused by Johnson's name arises from the strong personality of the man even more than the permanent value of his works. His strength and his weakness; the hardships of his early life and his late-earned ease; his intense power of work and his human propensity to idleness; his stern rectitude and his often wayward prejudice; his load of melancholy and suffering, so quietly borne, and his genial sociability; his consuming indignation, and his infinite tenderness,—all these have made our regard for Johnson something so real and abiding, that it

has no parallel in all the annals of our English literature. Strangely enough there is associated with Johnson's name in the popular conception something of harsh, inhuman, and unsympathetic dogmatism, of grim and pedantic logic, unrelieved by any lighter fancy. Nothing can be more absolutely the reverse of the truth. There is recorded of Johnson, during a long and public life, not a single abiding act of deliberate unkindness or even harshness, not a single rankling bitterness of *personal* judgment. For those who doubt his humor, without asking them to take it from Boswell's "*Life*," we would only recommend a few pages taken at random from "*The Idler*," the "*Journey to the Western Islands*," or still more the "*Lives of the Poets*," whose outspoken freedom has fluttered the dovescots of more modern criticism.

We would not be thought, however, to take from the surpassing merits of that biography, which has earned a place so unique as to be absolutely without a rival in all literature. It is a just attestation to its merits, that the centenary of Johnson's death has been the signal for numerous re-issues, with more or less of original commentary, of that famous book. Those who have learned to prize it at its true worth have probably made it their companion in various shapes. The original edition of Boswell has its own interest; but each successive edition during the forty years which followed its appearance added something of commentary and elucidation which helped the book to attain to its place in literature. From its very nature, from its marvellous union of literary skill with fantastic absurdity, from its endless allusion's ever requiring more and more explanation, there probably never was a book which stood more in need of judicious commentary and wise editing. We do not wish in these pages to claim too high a place for the work which was done to meet this need by John Wilson Croker. Few, at least, were more fitted for the task than he, by wide knowledge of men, endless industry, and a well-trained judgment. We are not concerned to defend the whole of that plan which he adopted after careful deliberation; but the literary world has recognized, that the just verdict on his book was not that passed under the stimulus of political antagonism and rancorous personal jealousy.\* This at least may safely and be-

\* Between forty and fifty thousand copies of the book, which Macaulay boasted that he had ruined, have been sold.

yond cavil be claimed for Croker, that his labors have resulted in giving us Boswell in such form and with such amount of explanation and commentary as has been found most convenient by at least one generation of the reading public; and that more recent editions bear small evidence that Croker's work is not to continue, with more or less of recognition to its author, to be that in chief request.\* Much light has been thrown on the spirit in which Mr. Croker undertook the task of editing the life in a letter of his published in the "Croker Correspondence" (vol. ii., p. 25). After stating the manner in which previous editors have fulfilled their task, he writes:—

Dr. Johnson himself said of "The Spectator," "A thousand things, which everybody knows at the time, have in the lapse of forty years become so obscure as to require annotation." It is to be regretted that Mr. Malone did not apply himself to this line of explanation—he could have done with little trouble what will cost a great deal to any man now living. I know not whether there is any man who could now hope to do it well; but I am satisfied that I should at *this day* do it better than any man, however clever or well-informed, will be able to do it twenty years hence.

That the method which he followed in his first edition, of inserting extracts from the various Johnsoniana into Boswell's narrative, was a mistaken one, Croker himself admitted when he changed it in subsequent editions. The notes may sometimes be redundant; though the variety of knowledge and taste in each reader renders it hazardous to pronounce too confidently as to this. But of the latest edition of the "Life" by Mr. Napier, we can hardly accord to it the merit which it claims for itself. We have taken the trouble to classify with some care the notes in the first volume of Mr. Napier's edition; and the result is the more curious, inasmuch as Mr. Napier has, in his preface, been strong in his condemnation of Croker, without acknowledging that he is so largely indebted to Croker's help. The notes to the text in that volume are, roughly speaking, about seven hundred in number. Of these, about forty are Mr. Napier's original notes, taken in large part from *Notes and Queries*, and other works, such as Boswell's "Correspon-

dence with Temple," published since Croker's day: forty more are merely references, or remarks as to alterations in early editions; two hundred and fifty-four are Croker's notes, acknowledged as such; while forty more are in large part Croker's either in substance or in words, without being acknowledged; \* three hundred and ten are notes by Boswell himself, or by early editors, and all given in Croker's edition. So much for any originality in Mr. Napier's commentary. Mr. Napier has done good service in reprinting the various "Johnsoniana" in a separate volume. The matter thus brought together, however, was for the most part easily accessible; and some of it which is new is not very important. But if Mr. Napier's power of unaided commentary is to be taken as indicated by his success in regard to these "Johnsoniana," where he was passing over comparatively unbroken ground, we can say little in his commendation. The reader has to trust to his own knowledge, or to pass over unexplained the most obscure allusions.

To what we are to ascribe the peculiar value of Boswell's work, is a vexed question of literary controversy to which the simplest answer is probably the best. Its charm is exerted upon minds the most diverse, and by common consent it is one of those few books without which life would be appreciably the poorer. "Which of us but remembers," says Carlyle, "as one of the sunny spots in his existence, the day when he opened these airy volumes, fascinating him by a true, natural magic." The verdict of Macaulay, delivered in some of those antithetical sentences that perhaps mar to some degree the sincerity of the tribute, is yet equally ungrudging: and now that three generations have passed since the book appeared, new editions are still called for, and the scenes it portrays so faithfully are still read with the same intensity of interest. But when we ask, why it is that the book has commanded admiration so universal, we are met by some curious answers. Boswell, says Macaulay, has written a great book, not in spite of his folly, but *because* he was a fool. The lower he sinks in self-

\* All the circumstances connected with Macaulay's review are now before the public, who can thus judge what is the worth of that affectation of impartiality doomed to disappointment which Macaulay assumed in his review, while in truth he had determined, months before the book appeared, to do all he could to ruin it. (Croker Correspondence, vol. ii., p. 47.)

\* Thus the letter cited as to Michael Johnson's Latinity, on p. 11, is from a note of Croker's on the previous page; the note on Johnson's hereditary taint is in substance Croker's; the note on Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury (p. 104), is expanded from a note by Croker on a previous passage; the note on the Ivy Club is a condensation from Croker; the note on Rasselas (p. 278) with the citation from Grimm's Correspondence, is in substance taken from Croker; both the notes on Paoli (p. 472), and not one only, are from Croker.

abasement, the more grovelling his nature, the more portentous his vanity, the greater, says Macaulay, is his hold upon our attention, the more perfect is the finish of his work. From Carlyle we have a verdict, pronounced apparently in contradiction of that of Macaulay, which seeks equally a strained explanation of a simple fact. Boswell, says Carlyle, was the author of a great work, not because of any skill which he possessed, but because he anticipated that creed of hero-worship which it was Carlyle's mission to preach. Boswell was, according to this theory, attracted to Johnson by a sort of religious fervor of admiration; he bowed down before him, and was content to worship; and by the very humility of his reverence he drew inspiration from its object.

We can subscribe to neither verdict; but we confess to feeling least sympathy with that of Macaulay. According to it, the work of Boswell is little but a freak or a monstrosity in nature; we must regard it with the same amused contempt with which we watch the contortions of a mountebank, and even if we admired, it would be with the shame that is connected with a result achieved by self-abasement. It needs little more than the statement of such a paradox, to make us revolt against it. But its motive in Macaulay is not difficult to assign. Deep as was his interest in the pictures of last-century life which stand out upon Boswell's canvas, that interest was critical or scenic only, not sympathetic. No one was more incapable than Macaulay of entering into the feelings of one whose mind, whose beliefs, whose character, were different from his own; and it is impossible to conceive a contrast greater than that between the wayward humor and the gigantic but ill-regulated force of Johnson on the one hand, and the ready and well-trained agility of Macaulay's intellect on the other. We shall presently speak more fully of the misconceptions and flagrant misrepresentations of Johnson, into which his want of sympathy has betrayed Macaulay; but now we refer to the contrast between the men only as explaining the fact, that Macaulay seeks so odd a reason to account for the irresistible fascination of Boswell's portrait of Johnson. Even with this motive, however, it is strange that prejudice should have led Macaulay into such a perversity of judgment on a literary question. Macaulay was jealous of the dignity of the literary profession. He avowed adherence to certain rules of literary criticism. He strove above all things

to base his opinions upon well-ascertained grounds, and not to be tempted into the devious paths of paradox. With all this, however, such is the power of natural antipathy, aided, as we believe it was, by the bitterness of a narrow political creed, that it has led Macaulay to affirm what in any other circumstances and from any other mouth he would have received as nothing but the capricious frivolity of an unfriendly critic, pleased against his will.

To the opinion of Carlyle, which was part of a creed to which his teaching owed at once its chief force and its most astonishing errors, we are ready to accord that amount of acquiescence which most men will give to his ideal doctrine of hero-worship. That reverence, docility, and a respect for the great which may allow fervor at times to overcome sanity of judgment, are valuable as balancing a shallow and vulgar self-sufficiency, no thinking man will deny. We are not so likely, in the present day, to find the supremacy of genius, moral worth, or ripe experience, submissively acknowledged, that we need refuse either to thank Carlyle for his iteration of the value of such acknowledgment, or to forget the moral training which it brings with it. But reverence may make a vulgar or shallow man more docile and more just; it can never make a dull man bright. Had Boswell simply opened his mind to a reverence for Johnson, it might have made him more conscious of his own littleness, more tolerable, it may be, to his friends; but it could not have made him capable of laying us under an obligation as deep as that we owe to any writer of books during the whole of the eighteenth century, or of making his name familiar wherever English literature is read.

His success, indeed, is so complete and yet so strange, as to provoke us to paradox in accounting for it. It is true that the oddities, the weaknesses, the surprising want of personal dignity in the man, form part of the charm of his book. It is also true that the attraction which drew such a man as Boswell to Johnson seems strangely out of keeping with his character and surroundings, and that it did so raise him as to give his powers full play. But it is nevertheless true that the book is great, in spite of his weaknesses, and independently of his reverence for Johnson. His biography is great for two simple reasons: the strength and variety and breadth of the character he had to draw, and his own consummate literary art. Boswell, vain, ostentatious, and frivolous

as he was, had keenness of view to discern, in part at least, the real greatness of Johnson. In part, we say, because even in spite of his reiterated expressions of somewhat conventional praise, it is apparent that to Boswell some of the finest points in Johnson's character were as a sealed book. But his instinctive literary genius is so great as to give us the picture faithfully, even when he failed to appreciate, just as it compels his own follies and weaknesses to serve the purposes of his art. The facts of Boswell's life are unfortunately too well known, and the strange childishness of his character is too well portrayed in his correspondence with his friend Temple, to allow us for one moment to suppose that he assumed the character of a vain and affected coxcomb in order to bring out the strength of Johnson more vividly by contrast. But it is no extravagant supposition to hold, that he purposely brought his own weaknesses into a stronger light to point the contrast; or, at least, that his literary art took possession of him so completely as to make him forget self-respect, and subordinate his own dignity to the excellence of his own work. Boswell's vanity was sensitive; he had seen too much of the world to be absolutely ignorant of the judgment of others; his observation was far too acute to allow him to be blind to the impression which he was likely to produce. Nothing but the overpowering motive of a high artistic aim could have suffered him to suppress all these, and to draw a picture which would impress by its rigid fidelity to truth, as well as by the consummate skill with which its various details are selected and arranged. Boswell is not the first, and will not be the last author, in whom great literary power is united with vanity, weakness, and affectation; but he is at least unequalled for the skill with which he has made all these defects subserve the excellence of the book on which his abiding fame depends.

We are not prepared to agree with all that Carlyle has said of Johnson, nor, above all, do we subscribe to that obtrusively apologetic tone which runs through his estimate of Johnson's genius and character, and which Carlyle seems to have thought it necessary to adopt in the face of a tendency of opinion entirely out of sympathy with Johnson. But there is at least generosity in the feeling which prompts Carlyle to reverence profoundly one from whom in mental attitude as in opinion he was so widely separate. Ma-

caulay's estimate, on the other hand, had much to do with the formation of the popular judgment of last generation, but it is now, we trust, discredited and abandoned, and, in a generation which has passed away from Macaulay's point of view, moves nothing but unmixed indignation. The personal and political rancor which Macaulay imported into his criticism of Croker, and the shallow paradox by which he supports his contempt for Boswell, seem to taint his judgment on Johnson as well, and to impart to it a bitterness which even the absence of all real sympathy for his mental attitude or his opinions could scarcely have produced. It would be useless to seek to penetrate the brazen armor of self-complacency in which that narrow and well-adjusted creed, of which Macaulay made himself the exponent, is encased. Its rectitude and its finality are too self-assured to admit of doubt; but for a broad estimate of Johnson's character we must appeal to other sympathies, and take a considerably larger view than was possible to a violent partisan Whig of half a century ago. Yet it seems not amiss to examine with some care a few facts adduced by Macaulay, which admit of easy verification or disproof; and to test the fairness of one or two of his special judgments. For sympathy we need not seek.

"The characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's intellect," says Macaulay, "was the union of great powers with low prejudices." The epithet we may disregard. It means either that the prejudices were not those of a Whig, or that they were strong. Johnson's best admirers would probably admit both. But the peculiarity is about as striking as is the union in Shakespeare of great poetical and dramatic powers with a meagre appreciation of mathematical demonstrations. The poetical faculty in Shakespeare did not more certainly exclude the mathematical faculty, than did the fervor, the force, and the tenacity, of Johnson exclude the possibility of an apathetic judgment. All his powers — his marvellously ready insight, his pitiless detection of cant, his unswerving rectitude of aim, and his intolerance of what he believed to be false — made it impossible for Johnson to judge without keen feeling. Prejudice was a part and parcel of his whole character, inseparable from it; and we must ask only whether the prejudice was or was not based on honest motives. To quarrel with it because it is prejudice, is at the best the veriest ineptitude of criticism.

Take, again, Macaulay's judgment on



Johnson's political opinions. He disputes the opinion which Johnson frequently enunciates, that forms of government are of little importance; and he thinks he has completely disposed of it, when he points to the inconsistency between this and Johnson's hatred of the Whigs and his reverence for the crown. The inconsistency exists only in Macaulay's imagination. We may admit that Johnson was out of sympathy—apparently, perhaps, more than really—with many of the inevitable tendencies of modern society. But that want of sympathy did not cause his hatred of the Whigs: it was rather itself due to the fact that he found these tendencies upheld from dishonest motives by those whom he hated for their dishonesty. It was, indeed, the long supremacy of the Whigs in the earlier part of Johnson's life which made him stand aloof in disgust from politics altogether. Johnson despised the affectation of public spirit, which professed an interest in political questions, only because such interest was the road to preferment, and it was this semblance of principle without its reality which made him speak of them as the "bottomless Whigs." He dreaded, rightly or wrongly, the prevalence of mere numbers, and he thought that the possession of political privileges brought no such advantage even to the individual members of the multitude as would counterbalance the dangers which that prevalence would bring. If the machine of government could be better carried on by any other means, he would not have changed it for the sake of conferring what he thought a delusive good. In a monarchy, he believed that such an alternative could be found; and therefore he preferred it. No orthodox Whig could agree with him; but it does not follow that he was not perfectly consistent in saying that monarchy was good, and that the ordinary citizen might be just as well occupied with other matters, as in settling what form of government was, in the abstract, the best.

Take, again, Macaulay's representation of Johnson's estimate of books. "He preferred," says Macaulay, "Pope's *Iliad* to Homer's." A statement so extraordinary must surely be based on the most conclusive evidence. But where is that evidence? "I mentioned," says Boswell, "the vulgar saying that Pope's 'Homer' was not so good as the original. *Johnson*. Sir, it is the greatest work of the kind that has ever been produced." Can anything but the most wilful misunderstanding place on this the construction from

which Macaulay has drawn his assertion? Surely it means nothing more than what would be agreed to by half the critics of every age from that of Pope to our own, that his translation of the *Iliad* is, as a poetical translation, the greatest that the world has yet seen.

"He despised Ossian's 'Fingal,'" says Macaulay, "not because it was essentially commonplace, but because it had a superficial air of originality." And yet, only a few pages before, Macaulay has himself referred to Johnson's saying of "Fingal," that it might have been written by "many men, many women, and many children."

The remarks on Johnson's knowledge of human nature are most flagrantly unfair. "He was no master of the great science of human nature," says Macaulay. "He had studied not the genus man, but the species Londoner. Nobody was ever so thoroughly conversant with all the forms of life, and all the shades of moral and intellectual character which were to be seen from Islington to the Thames, and from Hyde Park Corner to Mile End Green. But his philosophy stopped at the first turnpike gate." It is true that Johnson's life lay in London, and that it was on that scene that he studied human nature. If knowledge can be gained only by wide roaming, it did not come to Johnson. But the value of his judgment on man would not have been altered one whit, whether he had known only Fleet Street or all Europe, with Africa and Asia to boot. He possessed that alembic which supplied the place of discursive and various information—the force of sympathy. It was not the variety of his knowledge but the incisive force of his observation, which gave their interest to his judgments on human nature. Given certain circumstances, he could infer with marvellous rapidity how they would affect a man. His is not that knowledge of human nature which the diplomatist or the man of the world gains by experience: it is what comes from his quick reasoning, his ready sympathy, and his power of combining circumstances in imagination. And it is this, as we shall presently show, that constitutes the most peculiar feature of that age, the best side of which Johnson so strikingly typifies; the power, we mean, of achieving by readiness of sympathy and sheer energy of intellect, what is usually considered to be attainable only by a slow and tedious process of induction. But we have pursued long enough the unprofitable task of showing on how slight a foundation a series of attractive



paradoxes can be strung together, if their author is content to prefer point and piquancy to truth.

However unjust and however captious Macaulay's estimate may be, we fear that it and the lurid but more generous picture drawn by Carlyle, have formed the opinions of an immense number of English readers as to Johnson during the last half century. Macaulay has exaggerated defects, has sought for odd contrasts, has judged without appreciation and without sympathy, and seems to think that Johnson was chiefly interesting because he formed a dramatic subject for a sprightly and antithetical review. Carlyle speaks as a man with a wide sympathy, striving to reach after the real meaning of Johnson's life, and to appreciate his mental and moral attitude. But he seems to us to involve himself in the mists of that cloudy system which wrecked his own genius and his character, and to conceive of Johnson as some strange but gigantic figure, great chiefly because it is amorphous and uncouth. He, too, misses that faculty of Johnson's genius which, strange to say, has been so little appreciated, although it lies on the surface not only of Boswell's picture, but of his own literary work — his masterly grasp of a wide and far-reaching humor. We shall hope presently to justify our assertion to those of our readers who are incredulous on the point; for those who have made Boswell their familiar companion it will scarcely require proof.

The eighteenth century, whatever its merits or defects, has met with but scant justice from our own. We have worked ourselves into a white heat of virtuous indignation against shams. No more convenient nickname was ever invented; behind it we can aim our shafts of sarcasm with perfect security, forgetful of the definition of the word which was given by Lord Beaconsfield, as a name which foolish men are apt to apply to things they do not understand. We fear our self-complacency is beginning to find that there are weak places in its armor, that there may be questions which we have not solved, difficulties which are not to be met by our newest solutions, and a truth in opinions which we have thought ourselves justified in treating as dead and buried. But these doubts have as yet attained no great strength; and what is called the spirit of the age still considers force to consist chiefly in licentiousness and anarchy, political progress chiefly in restless

change, breadth of view chiefly in toleration pushed to the length of abjuring all fixity of belief, and literary genius chiefly in ostentatious eccentricity and scorn of all the rules of literary art. We would not be understood as preaching any universal pessimism, and we have the less doubt about a reaction against such a state of public opinion, inasmuch as the signs of it are already not far to seek. But so long as it flourishes, there was no field on which contempt could be so freely exercised as that presented by the history of the eighteenth century. It was the age of authority, of moderation, of class privilege — in a word, of all that might conveniently be classed under the comprehensive nickname of shams. There is one word, the use of which has strangely varied in the course of a century, and which in its change illustrates the relative attitude of our own age and that of Johnson. It is the word "enthusiast." The eighteenth century had learned to distrust enthusiasts; it identified them too completely with the fanatics, whose iron grasp was not yet forgotten, to indulge in any whimsical love for the name. But in our terror lest we should be moderate, we have elevated the enthusiast to a pedestal so high that he commands our admiration even for his excesses. Last century the enthusiast was condemned as a fanatic; in our own day the fanatic is admired as an enthusiast. As we looked back upon the eighteenth century, we found it lay midway between the age when religious bigotry had burst into flame, and withered up a generation in the scorching fire of its implacable tyranny, and another age when the dire forces of anarchy were let loose upon the world and left a legacy of intensified hatred between class and class. We elevated each movement into one of apostolic zeal, and condoned the vices and hypocrisies of their leaders because of their fanatical enthusiasm. The eighteenth century lay, to all appearance, like a level plain between these two peaks, with no great idea and no imposing figure over which our attention had to linger.

It is needless to say, that such a view is nothing but a fantastic travesty of history. Fortunately for human nature no age has a monopoly of earnestness and zeal. Outbreaks of fanaticism may provoke the greatest minds of a generation to look with calm contempt on those who could flatter the passions of the mob, but they do not extinguish in these minds the zeal for truth, the admiration of what is noble, the determination to maintain what

they believe to be the right. Nor is their influence, it may be, less in the end, because for a time they find themselves out of sympathy with what are called the movements of the time; because they find that their duty imposes on them the thankless labor of warning and resistance, rather than to play the more inspiring part of leader and guide. The eighteenth century had its contending forces, its popular movements, and its fanaticisms, just as the age that preceded and the age that followed it. But besides its moral characteristics, it had its own intellectual peculiarities, which are to be studied not in the many, but in the few; and we have to see how both of these affected Johnson, in order to determine what part he played in the struggles of his own time, and what legacy he has left to ours.

There is, above all, one peculiarity in the intellectual temperament of that age—that its leading men wanted at once the good and the bad qualities of specialists. The most considerable men of the eighteenth century refused to confine themselves to the minute and exact study of any one subject, still less to any one phase of that subject. It is easy to multiply examples of this truth; and Johnson was one of the most notable. "Have some general view of every science," was his advice to a disciple. He was in no sense an exact verbal scholar. He possessed no intricate knowledge of philosophy. He gives no sign of familiarity with the writings even of Plato and Aristotle. He never could converse easily in French, and wrote it in the English idiom; yet one of his first literary attempts was a translation from the French. His Latin verses and his Latin inscriptions and epitaphs are those of a man accustomed to read Latin discursively, not those of a nice or critical scholar. When he wrote his "Lives of the Poets," he did so with the rapidity of one to whom minute investigation was irksome. So it was with almost all his contemporaries. Hume brought to the work of history only a luminous style, clear arrangement, and a thorough grasp of his own view. To his philosophical works Hume brought just the same qualities of clear and luminous arrangement, and absolute confidence in his own powers; and by these alone he has established a place in philosophy, to which he could not have aspired on the ground of any methodical study or delicately adjusted system. His essays are graceful discourses; they are only tortured out of their proper sense when in-

terpreted by the scientific terms which formal metaphysical enquirers have adopted. Take, again, a far greater historian than Hume. Gibbon's work would have been utterly impossible to one encumbered by the specialism of our own day. He would have had to satisfy the microscopic accuracy of crowds of smaller men who had acquired a minute knowledge of each branch of his subject. Could he, under these conditions, have written the history of a thousand years of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, in a few years snatched out of a life busy with society and politics? Would he have ventured to do so in days when five stout volumes are necessary to contain the history of a hundred years, of which all the contemporary accounts might be printed in a hundred moderately sized pages, during which literature was for all practical purposes dead, and during which social life was limited to the simplest requirements of a half-civilized people? So it was also with Adam Smith. Great as was the work he accomplished, the genius of Adam Smith consisted chiefly in his grouping in orderly arrangement a very few facts, and his applying to these the force of clear logical deduction. Twelve months in Toulouse gave him all his knowledge of French commerce. We have his own authority for saying that in the chance conversation of Glasgow merchants, during the few years of his residence there, he gathered much of the material he employed. But slight as was that material, he brought his mind to bear on it slowly and deliberately. It took him ten years of complete retirement to write his "Wealth of Nations;" ten years spent in the petty town of Kirkcaldy, where assuredly the political economist found but a limited field for investigation into the conditions of the distribution of wealth.

It is easy to see how this intellectual tendency affected the leading men of the age. What they chiefly aimed at was lucidity of arrangement, perfection of method, the sustained pursuit of deductive reasoning. This bore fruit in the style of the age, in its apparent elaboration, in its real simplicity, in its perspicuity. There is scarcely a page written by one of these authors which has to be read twice for its meaning to be caught. So far they were all intellectually akin. The friendship between Hume and Adam Smith, says Dugald Stewart, was founded "in their love of simplicity and their admiration for genius." By genius they understood the free play of the mind in its

natural powers, apart from all the accidents of training or of research. In such an atmosphere it is clear that little was left to adventitious or artificial help: none but the most consummate natural capacity could shine. If the eighteenth century was socially the age of aristocracy, much more was it so intellectually. The faculties that brought a man to the front in literature were born with him: he could scarcely achieve a position by laborious plodding or minute research. To their humbler brethren the giants of the age lent now and then a kindly and patronizing hand; but their own reputation, like their own work, was based on the native force of their genius. An age of lesser men would have been more disposed to trust to adventitious aid.

We do not wish here to attempt any comparison between such an intellectual arena, and that by which it has been replaced in our own day. But it is worth noticing the rich harvest of mechanical invention which came with the opening of the present century, and for which it would be unjust not to give credit to the intellectual training which this eighteenth century supplied. We owe these not so much to any laborious investigation as to the force of pure intellect, the trained habits of reasoning, which had been then so marvellously developed.

We accept Johnson, then, as one in whom, in common with many others, this intellectual habit of the age was illustrated. Perhaps the best means of showing its special influence on Johnson, is to compare and contrast with him two of his most typical contemporaries already named, David Hume and Adam Smith. In each there is the same massiveness and simplicity of work. Each is equally removed from the narrowness of the specialist. Each has left an influence and a fame which extend far beyond the domain of literature, and which are affecting at the present day the lives, the social conditions, the general opinions of mankind. No one of the three took any prominent part in any public affair, and yet none of them stood aloof from society, or affected the life of a recluse. Of the literary monument left by each, that of Smith has probably most affected the outward conditions under which society exists; that of Hume has formed a landmark in the history of speculation; but that of Johnson has penetrated far more deeply than either into our every-day thoughts and lives. We are considering Johnson at present only on his intellectual side, which has far

less meaning to us than the complex problem presented by the moral nature of the man; but even on this side we ascribe to him most confidently the supremacy. There is, we are well aware, a vulgar and dull view of Johnson, which regards him as a typical pedant, whose intellect was immersed in bigotry and intolerance, dead to all the lights and shades of life, inert and inflexible in all matters not familiar to the scholar or the bookworm. It would be hard to conceive an estimate more directly at variance with the truth. Johnson shared with Hume and Smith the discursive intellectual habit of his age; but his mind was infinitely more alert, his faculties infinitely more various than theirs. No man could have repeated with more truth the words of the Roman comedian: "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" His thirst for human intercourse was insatiable; and even his charity, large-hearted as it was, did not exceed the quick and ready interest which he showed in the plans and interests of others. It was typical of his attitude that he sought the company of the young, and urged his friends to keep their acquaintance fresh. No question could be started into which Johnson did not plunge; and no one was less inclined to apply to a new question the formulæ of mere book-learning. He was intolerant of a slipshod or conventional opinion; and his wit always enabled him to detect the fallacy which showed its utterance to be a piece of parrot-like routine. It was this very quality that made him appear to be inconsistent, and led his friends to complain that he combated an opinion one day which he supported the next. No man ever applied the Socratic method with more skill and readiness in every-day life. Strain an opinion to which he was attached only a little too far, and Johnson at once rose against it. His intellectual vigor knew no half-measures; if he accepted the defence of a position, he defended it with any weapon that came readiest in his armory. He became for the moment a special pleader, and was ready even to employ a fallacy on its behalf. No man unfolded with more skill the "plies" under which error wraps itself. Authority, popular opinion, customary ideas, the inertness of intellectual habits, all these he threw aside whenever they stood in his own way. But let any one deride these without knowing *why* they were worthy of derision, or without having something to substitute for them, and he stood a fair chance of meeting such

a "toss" from Johnson as poor Boswell was fain to beg might be inflicted only before friends, and not for the amusement of enemies and strangers.

The charm which Johnson's intellectual qualities, then, wear for us, lies chiefly in the fact, that to the broad and free discursiveness of his age, which he shared with others, he added a peculiar keenness and intensity of intellectual vision, and an activity of intellectual movement in which he was equalled by none. But a more complex problem awaits us when we ask the secret of Johnson's moral force.

We have already referred to the common estimate of the eighteenth century as an age of cold calculation, of selfish aims, of contracted interests. It indulged, we are often told, in no enthusiasms; its religion was without ardor, its politics without aspiration, and even its poetry never sought to express deep feeling. There is, no doubt, some truth in this common estimate of the age. But it does not comprise the whole of it. The spirit which Walpole typifies in politics, the spirit which Warburton typifies in religion, the spirit which Shenstone — and, may we say, even Gray — typifies in poetry, could never satisfy the needs of human nature in any age. A reaction against it on another side was absolutely certain, because it was absolutely necessary. Passion was beginning to assert its sway in poetry, however the prevailing fashion might run in favor of stateliness and formality. The first stirrings of romance were making themselves felt, and breaking through the reserve of convention and common sense. The patriots, however selfish and personal their aims, were appealing to a sound instinct in the nation against the deadening cynicism of Walpole. The forlorn hope of Jacobitism was attracting men who loved it, not because it embodied a positive political aim, but because it expressed an undercurrent of opposition to a small clique that had shaped the Revolution for the advantage of their class. The very limited aims and ideas of the common-sense school of moral philosophers were being displaced by a bolder and more critical school of metaphysics. The cold and rationalistic attitude of the religious apologists was exchanged for the wider and more comprehensive efforts of a religious revival, which in its higher forms was scholarly, imaginative, and poetical. In short, the outer coating of formalism was a mere husk, useful, indeed, as representing a protest against uncurbed and irrational

fanaticism, but in no way crushing out the warmth and impulse of the national genius.

The moral side of Johnson's character is chiefly interesting as he so completely typified both aspects of his age, and certainly not least its underlying force of impulse. Johnson's poetry was imbued, to a very great extent, with the formalism of his age. But no man saw more clearly to what height poetical genius might soar, and how little it was bounded by the narrow conventions of the didactic school. We doubt whether any lines of more true poetry, as the expression of strong feeling, were penned during his generation, than the concluding lines of his "Vanity of Human Wishes;" and in "Rasselas" he has given us his estimate of what poetry might and ought to be, in a passage which scarcely any other author of that age could have written. However much he ridiculed the romantic revival that was beginning before his death, no one can read of his tour in the Hebrides without seeing how naturally his imagination was fired by ideas altogether removed from those of his common life, and how readily he pictured to himself the romantic side of human action upon a ruder and a simpler scene. His Jacobitism, however little it served as a motive for deliberate action, was yet the expression of his desire for a poetical environment of life, of a piece with his hatred of the iconoclasm of the Reformers and Puritans. The revival of religion, however he may have ridiculed its follies, stirred in him a deep sympathy, extorted from the depths of his own passionate religious devotion. There is no more striking incident in the moral history of the age than the regard which existed between Johnson and John Wesley, and the sympathy which bound them together. They were alike in their early Jacobitism. They felt alike on the question of the American colonies. They were equally repelled by the destructive fury of religious fanaticism. They had both a certain leaning to the life of religious contemplation inculcated by the Roman Catholic Church, suggested by the latent melancholy which was common to them, but corrected by their more human and social side, and by their profound sense of duty. "Wesley," said Johnson, "can talk well of anything." And it is thus he writes to him on their agreement as to American taxation. "To have gained such a mind as yours, may justly confirm me in my opinion. What effect my paper has on the public I know not;



but I have no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right, who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato stayed." Curious parallels might be found between the very utterances of both men. "Have we not evidence enough of the soul's immortality?" asked some one of Johnson. "Sir, I wish for more," was Johnson's answer, certainly as little conventionally orthodox, as it was intended to be sceptical. Just so writes Wesley:—

What if it be true —

*Οἴημι περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.*

What if the generation of men be exactly parallel with the generation of leaves? What if it be true, death is nothing, and there is nothing after death? How am I sure that this is not the case? That I have not followed cunningly devised fables? And I have pursued the thought till there was no spirit in me, and I was ready to choose strangling rather than life.

The enervating spirit of doubt was checked in both alike by their rigid self-discipline. Parallels between the two might easily be multiplied, and help not a little to throw light upon the lives and aims of both.

The truth is, that Johnson is interesting chiefly because he unites in himself so much that was great, but yet diverse, in his own age. Just as, on his purely intellectual and rational side, in the wide range of his mind, in its orderly method, in its fearless logic, he was akin to Hume and Adam Smith, so on the moral and religious side he had a deep and underlying sympathy with such a man as Wesley. It is this union of unwavering and unrelenting pursuit of truth and intolerance of falsehood or insincerity with profound emotion and sympathy, which makes Johnson at once so unique and so intensely human. It is this, too, which has given him a place so commanding in the formation of opinions and in the history of our nation. That a man so keenly alive to the deepest feelings of his time, essentially so much in sympathy with aspirations that were slowly shaping themselves, should have thrown the whole weight of his logic and his intellectual strength on the side of loyalty, authority, and religion, may be to some a matter of regret, but, we confess, is to us a matter of the profoundest thankfulness. Here was one, born amongst the people, acquainted with the sternest school of adversity, heir only to the ills of humanity; unbefriended, often baffled, ready to sink beneath the

load of poverty, and disease, and melancholy; who yet forced his fellow-men to submit to his authority and bow to his strength. No apostle of humanity could deny his sympathy with men. No faction could allege against him the selfishness of privilege or obligations to the patronage of the great. Not the boldest sceptic could deny to him the possession of a clear and incisive logical faculty. That one with such a history, with such sympathies, with such faculties, should acknowledge the graded orders of society to be for the general good, should loathe the sickly insincerities of Rousseau, should accept with reverence the faith of his fathers, and, with all his indomitable pride and a courage that, in the words of one of his contemporaries, "never feared the face of man," should yet bow his head with all humility before the representatives of constituted authority — who shall say how much that fact was worth when England came to face the general confusion that broke out in the years that followed Johnson's death? Facile critics may deem him retrogressive and reactionary. Are we quite sure that he was not rather prophetic?

But, quite independently of the part he played in his own age, or the influence which he has had on posterity, Johnson has for us the abiding interest of a familiar and a well-loved friend, of a dramatic figure in the great tragedy of human life. He wears this aspect to us, partly, it is true, owing to the marvellous skill of Boswell's portrait, but not less to the pathos of his own life, the tenderness of his nature, and the infinite play of his humor. It would be easy to multiply instances from his works and sayings of this last, and least noticed, trait of Johnson's character. When pompous sentences are quoted as specimens of Johnson's style, it is strange how often their humorous point is missed. "I would not for my amusement," he says in his "Journey" (which, from beginning to end, has clearly a humorous intent in its elaborate formality) "wish for a storm; but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look upon them from Slane's Castle." "A Scotchman," he says in the same book, "must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth; he will always love it better than inquiry; and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it." He defends himself for not having investigated a

Highland cave because "we had with us neither spades nor pickaxes, and if love of ease surmounted our desire of knowledge, the offence has not the invidiousness of singularity." Instances might equally be multiplied from the "Lives of the Poets." A pompous inscription is called in the "Life of Cowley" "an epitaph to let, occupied indeed, but scarcely appropriated." "Like most men," he says of Denham, "he aspired on proper occasions to the reputation of a merry fellow; and, also like most men, was by nature or early training debarred from it." He summarizes a not unfamiliar class as "those whom courtesy and ignorance are content to term the learned." "He that discovers not his error," he says in the "Life of Dryden," "until the discovery coincides with his advantage, will not be thought to be very earnest in the pursuit of truth." These are instances selected only at random as we turn over a few pages, and which cannot be compared to the outbursts of ready humor that sparkle in his conversation. But we repeat them only to ask if their mock solemnity can be quoted seriously as a proof of Johnson's inflexibility of style, with no suspicion of his evident wish to make the humor tell the better for the affected dignity?

But not for his humor only does Johnson's character come home to those who have learned to know him in far other guise than that of the fierce controversialist, or the cumbrous moralist. Some of the familiar features are easily caught, and just as easily ridiculed. The odd gait, the uneasy gestures, the uncouth and untidy person, the slovenly attire, the strange freaks of eccentric habit, and the appetite that might be curbed, indeed, into absolute asceticism, but never could be coaxed into moderation — these stand out before all the world for any crow to peck at. Even the "vile melancholy" that he inherited from his father, and that "made him mad," is familiar enough if signs of weakness are sought for, and if it is on these that we wish chiefly to rest, in order to ridicule his character, or dispute his authority. For ourselves we see in the tragic side of Johnson's life and character their deepest interest. The same powers that gave him the force, gave him also the pains and struggles, and the loneliness, of a giant. He sought for company to escape from his own melancholy. He refused to discuss metaphysical questions, knowing how little his spirit would brook control when once it had entered on them. He attached himself to prejudice and au-

thority, much as he bound himself to the toilsome labor of his "Dictionary," because he knew the danger of ranging too far afield. Much of his life is ceaseless struggle with himself, which seems to be reflected in the fierce invective with which he sometimes turns upon what he deems verbal quibbling, or a rash tampering with the deepest problems of life. It is in his tenderness, in his charity, in the gentle acts so often inconsistent with his rigid dogmas, that he is at once most simple and most lovable. He was fierce in his indignation against Wilkes; but he was quickly touched by Wilkes's kindly and sprightly humor. He preached severity in the upbringing of children; but he pampered them himself by indulgence. He turned often, in anger, on a false argument; but he ever relented to the disputant. He was indignant on principle with such grieving over the ills and bereavements of life as unfitted men for its duties and its enjoyments; yet no one sympathized more deeply with the sorrows of his friends, or felt their loss more keenly. He was impatient with dulness and folly; yet there never was a more tender or faithful benefactor to the dull, the foolish, or the helpless, than he. He was often arrogant in speech and manner to others; but no one was ever more conscious of his own weaknesses, more severe in self-condemnation, or more thoroughly modest in his inmost heart. The same pen that crushed the folly and impudence of such a charlatan as Macpherson, and proclaimed for all time the dignity and independence of literature in the famous letter to Chesterfield, wrote also such verses as those on his poor dependant Levett, and such lines as the following, which, often quoted, yet never pall. The first is his last letter to his mother, when she was on the point of death, and he bound to the drudgery by which he gained his bread: —

DEAR HONORED MOTHER, —

Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Lord Jesus, receive your spirit. Amen.

I am, dear, dear mother,  
Your dutiful son,  
SAM. JOHNSON.

The next is the account of the death of the old friend of his family: —



*Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767.* — Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother in 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

I desired all to withdraw; then told her that we were to part forever; that, as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervor, while I prayed, kneeling by her.

I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain she had ever felt, and that she hoped we would meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted; I humbly hope, to meet again, and to part no more.

We have not yet named one, even greater in the annals of last century, whose genius and whose life we involuntarily associate with those of Johnson, however unwelcome to Johnson the association would have been. One of the most curious, among the many curious problems of human nature of which literary history is so full, is the reason for Johnson's insuperable dislike to Swift. Various explanations are suggested; that Swift had repulsed, with some severity, Dr. Madden, who rewarded Johnson with timely liberality for some slight literary help; that Swift refused to push the matter of a degree for Johnson from Trinity College, when asked to do so by Lord Gower; or the like. We absolutely refuse to accept any such explanation as sufficient. Johnson's literary conscience was far too strict to allow him to retain a prejudice against Swift's genius, even for a much more decided personal slight. The real reason for the antipathy we believe to lie in that which throws a light on the character of each—we mean their curious similarity in certain points. The same congenital and brooding melancholy, the same bitter struggle with hardship and poverty and ill-health, the same uncertainty of recognition, had attended both. Both alike resented the attacks of flippancy and scepticism, and were resolved to rest upon the basis of authority in matters of belief. Both had the same scorn for popular delusions, the same suspicion of popular opinion, and yet the same burning indignation against injustice and wrong. Both had the same indomitable pride, and yet found it not inconsistent with a respect

for those far inferior to them in powers, if placed in a position of authority or rank. Both had the same keen love for society. Both had the same arrogance of speech, and both joined with that arrogance the same tenderness and sympathy with sorrow. Both, finally, had something of the same cynical humor. But we believe that between such natures, conscious of their own weakness as of their own strength, burdened by the weight of contending passions which makes them envy lesser men, the likeness will produce, not sympathy, but its reverse. Johnson saw in Swift a picture of what he himself might become. He saw his own melancholy tortured into madness, his own passion driven to fury, his own cynicism soured into misanthropy. He saw a genius, greater indeed, more various, and more imperious than his own, but which refused to submit to that discipline which he had learned to impose upon himself. Johnson saw, and saw truly, that Swift, with all his marvellous power, had been vanquished in the struggle, from which he himself had come out victorious. The very similarity of nature, which Johnson would fain have concealed from himself, made him the more ready to condemn the defeat, and to find its cause rather in the intellectual weakness of the victim, than in the overpowering strength of that *sava indignatio* by which his heart was torn. Johnson's utterance of criticisms so baseless, so inapt, and even so inconsistent, as those which he passes upon Swift, can only be accounted for by some such feeling as this.

What, we would ask very shortly, in conclusion, is the practical result of Johnson's teaching for our age as well as for his own? Its first and last effort is, to adapt its lessons to the every-day needs of men. Mould yourself, he would seem to tell us, to the conditions in which you are placed. Waste no time in vague aspirations, and no labor in fruitless struggles to alter institutions which exist independently of your acquiescence or dissent. Such aspirations and such struggles will only lead you to forget the duty that lies in your path, to fancy yourself released from its behests, and to suppose that neglect is compensated by enthusiasm for an ideal. There is no need for you to invent ideals in order that you may call out the reverence of your nature, or to conceive schemes of regeneration in order that you may stir your energies. You have enough here to occupy your thoughts, to employ your hands, to exercise your

self-control, without battling with the elements, and dreaming about visions of reform. Accept conventional rules when they help you to direct your work, or to fit yourself for the post you are to occupy in the economy of the world and of society; but be careful that you do not *think* cant. That your judgment may be free and independent, release yourself both from the formal acceptance of conventional opinion, and from the no less formal imitation of fashionable paradox or eccentricity. Do not venture beyond your depth in speculations, which may bring you no nearer to the truth, but may well unfit you for your daily work. Do not fancy yourself exempt from human passion; but beware of admitting as rules of conduct those impulses which adopt the aspect of enthusiastic virtue, but are, in truth, nothing but passions in disguise. Johnson's moral creed is the less capable of being concisely enunciated, and conveyed in skilful or striking literary form, inasmuch as it was taught only by his daily life and conversation, and by the manner in which he discharged that which he held to be his appointed function, the gaining of his bread by writing books. We have in our own day, of course, attained to much more excellent ideals. We are to cultivate a "sweet reasonableness," to follow that "which makes after righteousness," and to adopt a convenient classification of opponents by calling them Philistines. We are to recognize that our besetting sin is what we call worldliness, by which is to be understood any obtrusively practical aim. Or else we are to strive after the eternal verities, and to join in the clamorous denunciation of shams. These ideals are perhaps the more convenient, seeing that they leave each of us much as he was, may be put on or off as a garment, and confront us with none of the troublesome assiduity of those moral rules that were inculcated by Johnson.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XV.

THE walk with Constance, though he had set out upon it reluctantly, had done Waring great good. He was comparatively rehabilitated in his own eyes. Between her and him there was no embar-

rassment, no uneasy consciousness. She had paid him the highest compliment by taking refuge with him, flying to his protection from the tyranny of her mother, and giving him thus a victory as sweet as unexpected over that nearest yet furthest of all connections, that inalienable antagonist in life. He had been painfully put out of *son assiette*, as the French say. Instead of the easy superiority which he had held not only in his own house but in the limited society about, he had been made to stand at the bar, first by his own child, afterwards by the old clergyman, for whom he entertained a kindly contempt. Both of these simple wits had called upon him to account for his conduct. It was the most extraordinary turning of the tables that ever had occurred to a man like himself. And though he had spoken the truth when in that moment of melting he had taken his little girl into his arms and bidden her stay with him, he was yet glad now to get away from Frances, to feel himself occupying his proper place with her sister, and to return thus to a more natural state of affairs. The intercourse between him and his child companion had been closer than ever could, he believed, exist between him and any other human being whatsoever; but it had been rent in twain by all the concealments which he was conscious of, by all the discoveries which circumstances had forced upon her. He could no longer be at his ease with her, or she regard him as of old. The attachment was too deep, the interruption too hard, to be reconcilable with that calm which is necessary to ordinary existence. Constance had restored him to herself by her pleasant indifference, her easy talk, her unconsciousness of everything that was not usual and natural. He began to think that if Frances were but away—since she wished to go—a new life might begin, a life in which there would be nothing below the surface, no mystery, which is a mistake in ordinary life. It would be difficult, no doubt, for a brilliant creature like Constance to content herself with the humdrum life which suited Frances; and whether she would condescend to look after his comforts, he did not know. But so long as Mariuccia was there, he could not suffer much materially; and she was a very amusing companion, far more so than her sister. As he came back to the palazzo, he was reconciled to himself.

This comfortable state of mind, however, did not last long. Frances met him at the door with her face full of excite-

ment. "Did you meet him?" she said. "You must have met him. He has not been gone ten minutes."

"Meet whom? We met no one but the general."

"I think I know," cried Constance. "I have been expecting him every day — Markham."

"He says he has come to fetch me, papa."

"Markham!" cried Waring. His face clouded over in a moment. It is not easy to get rid of the past. He had accomplished it for a dozen years; and after a very bad moment, he thought he was about to shuffle it off again; but it was evident that in this he was premature. "I will not allow you to go with Markham," he said. "Don't say anything more. Your mother ought to have known better. He is not an escort I choose for my daughter."

"Poor old Markham! he is a very nice escort," said Constance in her easy way. "There is no harm in him, papa. But never mind till after dinner, and then we can talk it over. You are ready, Fan? Oh, then I must fly. We have had a delightful walk. I never knew anything about fathers before; they are the most charming companions," she said, kissing her hand to him as she went away. But this did not mollify the angry man. There rose up before him the recollection of a hundred contests in which Markham's mocking voice had come in to make everything worse, or of which Markham's escapades had been the cause.

"I will not see him," he said; "I will not sanction his presence here. You must give up the idea of going altogether till he is out of the way."

"I think, papa, you must see him."

"Must — there is no *must*. I have not been in the habit of acknowledging compulsion, and be assured that I shall not begin now. You seem to expect that your small affairs are to upset my whole life!"

"I suppose," said Frances, "my affairs are small; but then they are my life too."

She ought to have been subdued into silence by his first objection; but, on the contrary, she met his angry eyes with a look which was deprecating, but not abject, holding her little own. It was a long time since Waring had encountered anything which he could not subdue and put aside out of his path. But, he said to himself — all that long-restrained and silent temper which had once reigned and raged within him, springing up again un-

subdued — he might have known! The moment long deferred, yet inevitable, which brought him in contact once more with his wife, could bring nothing with it but pain. Strife breathed from her wherever she appeared. He had never been a match for her and her boy, even at his best; and now that he had forgotten the ways of battle, now that his strength was broken with long quiet, and the sword had fallen from his hand, she had a pull over him now which she had not possessed before. He could have done without both the children a dozen years ago. He was conscious that it was more from self-assertion than from love that he had carried off the little one, who was rather an embarrassment than a pleasure in those days, because he would not let her have everything her own way. But now, Frances was no longer a creature without identity, not a thing to be handed from one to another. He could not free himself of interest in her, of responsibility for her, of feeling his honor and credit implicated in all that concerned her. Ah! that woman knew. She had a hold upon him that she never had before; and the first use she made of it was to insult him — to send her son, whom he hated, for his daughter, to force him into unwilling intercourse with her family once more.

Frances took the opportunity to steal away while her father gloomily pursued these thoughts. What a change from the tranquillity which nothing disturbed! now one day after another, there was some new thing that stirred up once more the original pain. There was no end to it. The mother's letters at one moment, the brother's arrival at another, and no more quiet whatever could be done, no more peace.

Nevertheless, dinner and the compulsory decorum which surrounds that great daily event, had its usual tranquillizing effect. Waring could not shut out from his mind the consciousness that to refuse to see his wife's son, the brother of his own children, was against all the decencies of life. It is easy to say that you will not acknowledge social compulsion, but it is not so easy to carry out that determination. By the time that dinner was over, he had begun to perceive that it was impossible. He took no part, indeed, in the conversation, lightly maintained by Constance, about her brother, made short replies even when he was directly addressed, and kept up more or less the lowering aspect with which he had meant to crush Frances. But Frances was not

crushed, and Constance was excited and gay. "Let us send for him after dinner," she said. "He is always amusing. There is nothing Markham does not know. I have seen nobody for a fortnight, and no doubt a hundred things have happened. Do send for Markham, Frances. Oh, you must not look at papa. I know papa is not fond of him. Dear! if you think one can be fond of everybody one meets — especially one's connections. Everybody knows that you hate half of them. That makes it piquant. There is nobody you can say such spiteful things to as people whom you belong to, whom you call by their Christian names."

"That is a charming Christian sentiment — entirely suited to the surroundings you have been used to, Con; but not to your sister's."

"Oh, my sister! She has heard plenty of hard things said of that good little Tasie, who is her chief friend. Frances would not say them herself. She doesn't know how. But her surroundings are not so ignorant. You are not called upon to assume so much virtue, papa."

"I think you forget a little to whom you are speaking," said Waring, with quick anger.

"Papa!" cried Constance with an astonished look, "I think it is you who forget. We are not in the Middle Ages. Mamma failed to remember that. I hope you have not forgotten too, or I should be sorry I came here."

He looked at her with a sudden gleam of rage in his eyes. That temper which had fallen into disuse, was no more overcome than when all this trouble began; but he remained silent, putting force upon himself, though he could not quite conceal the struggle. At last he burst into an angry laugh: "You will train me, perhaps, in time to the subjection which is required from the nineteenth-century parent," he said.

"You are charming," said his daughter with a bow and smile across the table. "There is only this lingering trace of mediævalism in respect to Markham. But you know, papa, really, a feud can't exist in these days. Now, answer me yourself; can it? It would subject us all to ridicule. My experience is that people as a rule are not fond of each other; but to show it is quite a different thing. O no, papa; no one can do that."

She was so certain of what she said, so calm in the enunciation of her dogmas, that he only looked at her and made no other reply. And when Constance ap-

pealed to Frances whether Domenico should not be sent to the hotel to call Markham, he avoided the inquiring look which Frances cast at him. "If papa has no objection," she said with hesitation and alarm. "Oh, papa can have no objection," Constance cried; and the message was sent; and Markham came. Frances, frightened, made many attempts to excuse herself; but her father would neither see nor hear the effort she made. He retired to the bookroom while the girls entertained their visitor on the loggia; or rather, while he entertained them. Waring heard the voices mingled with laughter, as we all hear the happier intercourse of others when we are ourselves in gloomy opposition, nursing our wrath. He thought they were all the more lively, all the more gay, because he was displeased. Even Frances! He forgot that he had made up his mind that Frances had better go (as she wished to go), and felt that she was a little monster to take so cordially to the stranger whom she knew he disliked and disapproved. Nevertheless, in spite of this irritation and misery, the little lecture of Constance on what was conventionally necessary had so much effect upon him, that he appeared on the loggia before Markham went away, and conquered himself sufficiently to receive, if not to make much response to, the salutations which his wife's son offered. Markham jumped up from his seat with the greatest cordiality, when this tall shadow appeared in the soft darkness. "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, sir, after all these years. I hope I am not such a nuisance as I was when you knew me before — at the age when all males should be kept out of sight of their seniors, as the sage says."

"What sage was that? Ah! his experience was all at second hand."

"Like yours, sir," said Markham. And then there was a slight pause, and Constance struck in.

"Markham is a great institution to people who don't get the *Morning Post*. He has told me a heap of things. In a fortnight, when one is not on the spot, it is astonishing what quantities of things happen. In town, one gets used to having one's gossip hot and hot every day."

"The advantage of abstinence is that you get up such an appetite for your next meal. I had only a few items of news. My mother gave me many messages for you, sir. She hopes you will not object to trust little Frances to my care."

"I object — to trust my child to any one's care," said Waring quickly.

"I beg your pardon. You intend, then, to take my sister to England yourself," the stranger said.

It was dark, and their faces were invisible to each other; but the girls looking on saw a momentary swaying of the tall figure towards the smaller one, which suggested something like a blow. Frances had nearly sprung from her seat; but Constance put out her hand and restrained her. She judged rightly. Passion was strong in Waring's mind. He could, had inclination prevailed, have seized the little man by the coat and pitched him out into the road below. But bonds were upon him more potent than if they had been made of iron.

"I have no such intention," he said. "I should not have sent her at all. But it seems she wishes to go. I will not interfere with her arrangements. But she must have some time to prepare."

"As long as she likes, sir," said Markham cheerfully. "A few days more out of the east wind will be delightful to me."

And no more passed between them. Waring strolled about the loggia with his cigarette. Though Frances had made haste to provide a new chair as easy as the other, he had felt himself dislodged, and had not yet settled into a new place; and when he joined them in the evening, he walked about or sat upon the wall, instead of lounging in indolent comfort, as in the old quiet days. On this evening he stood at the corner, looking down upon the lights of the Marina in the distance, and the gray twinkle of the olives in the clear air of the night. The poor neighbors of the little town were still on the Punto, enjoying the coolness of the evening hours; and the murmur of their talk rose on one side, a little softened by distance; while the group on the loggia renewed its conversation close at hand. Waring stood and listened with a contempt of it which he partially knew to be unjust. But he was sore and bitter, and the ease and gaiety seemed a kind of insult to him, one of many insults which he was of opinion he had received from his wife's son. "Confounded little fool," he said to himself.

But Constance was right in her worldly wisdom. It would make them all ridiculous if he made objections to Markham, if he showed openly his distaste to him. The world was but a small world at Bordighera; but yet it was not without its power. The interrupted conversation went on with great vigor. He remarked with a certain satisfaction that Frances

talked very little; but Constance and her brother—as he called himself, the puppy!—never paused. There is no such position for seeing the worst of ordinary conversation. Waring stood looking out blankly upon the bewildering lines of the hills towards the west, with the fresh breeze in his face, and his cigarette only kept alight by a violent puff now and then, listening to the lively chatter. How vacant it was—about this one and that one; about So-and-so's peculiarities; about things not even made clear, which each understood at half a word, which made them laugh. Good heavens, at what? Not at the wit of it, for there was no wit. At some ludicrous image involved, which to the listener was dull, dull as the village chatter on the other side; but more dull, more vapid in its artificial ring. How they echoed each other, chiming in; how they remembered anecdotes to the discredit of their friends; how they ran on in the same circle endlessly, with jests that were without point even to Frances, who sat listening in an eager tension of interest, but could not keep up to the height of the talk, which was all about people she did not know—and still more without point to Waring, who had known, but knew no longer, and who was angry and mortified and bitter, feeling his supremacy taken from him in his own house, and all his habits shattered, yet knew very well that he could not resist, that to show his dislike would only make him ridiculous; that he was once more subject to society, and dared not show his contempt for its bonds!

After a while, he flung his half-finished cigarette over the wall, and stalked away, with a brief, "Excuse me, but I must say good-night." Markham sprang up from his chair; but his step-father only waved his hand to the little party sitting in the evening darkness, and went away, his footsteps sounding upon the marble floor through the salone and the anteroom, closing the doors behind him. There was a little silence as he disappeared.

"Well," said Markham with a long-drawn breath, "that's over, Con; and better than might have been expected."

"Better! Do you call that better? I should say almost as bad as could be. Why didn't you stand up to him and have it out?"

"My dear, he always cows me a little," said Markham. "I remember times when I stood up to him, as you say, with that idiocy of youth in which you are so strong, Con; but I think I generally came



off second best. Our respected papa has a great gift of language when he likes."

"He does not like now; he is too old; he has given up that sort of thing. Ask Frances. She thinks him the mildest of pious fathers."

"If you please," said the little voice of Frances out of the gloom, with a little quiver in it, "I wish you would not speak about papa so, before me. It is perhaps quite right of you, who have no feeling for him, or don't know him very well; but with me it is quite different. Whether you are right or wrong, I cannot have it, please."

"The little thing is quite right, Con," said Markham. "I beg your pardon, little Fan. I have a great respect for papa, though he has none for me. Too old! He is not so old as I am, and a much more estimable member of society. He is not old enough—that is the worst of it—for you and me."

"I am not going to encourage her in her nonsense," said Constance, "as if one's father or mother was something sacred, as if they were not just human beings like ourselves. But apart from that, as I have told Frances, I think very well of papa."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

##### EPIDEMICS AND ALCOHOL.

IF, O reader, you have known what it is to pass years in a far-away land, of which the climate and the products are very different from those familiar to us here, you probably are acquainted also with the agreeable feeling produced by recognizing some day, here on British soil, a plant, an animal, or a fruit, which you had thought to be kept pretty strictly to the climes where you had once been straying. You are pleased at sight of a once familiar object now for long out of reach and sight, and you are pleased to think that the object is one of which you have intimate knowledge, while most of your friends, probably, require much explanation as to its nature and uses. A pleasure of this kind may greet you on any day. There is scarcely anything, from anywhere, which may not find its way into London now. Time was when men went to certain places to obtain certain things: Quin went to Plymouth to eat John-dories; canvas-backed ducks could only be tasted by crossing the Atlantic;

in Jamaica only could the perfect land-crab be enjoyed. But sit still now, have a little patience, and all these things—yea, even the incomparable land-crab—will come to you.

To-day I have had on my table some fairly good mangoes. Until to-day I had not eaten one for more years than I like to talk about; but I have talked a good deal about the fruit, declared it to be a specimen very inferior to some of which I once lived in the daily enjoyment, but nevertheless commended it to attention, and predicted that we should have it of superior quality anon. I think I was justified in this prediction by observation of the ever-increasing quantity and variety of foreign fruits which arrive at our markets. To say nothing more of fruits that are at present rare, those which we have long appreciated now come from a distance at a reduced price, so that there can be very general enjoyment of them. Pine-apples and grapes, which used to be supplied to us from English hothouses at very high prices, can now be enjoyed by the multitude; and, these being very wholesome as well as very grateful fruits, the indulgence to our palates is obtained without the sacrifice of any sanitary principle. Obtained, that is to say, in ordinary seasons without any sacrifice; but I fear that, if the cholera had come within a measurable distance of us last summer, the good supply of fruit would have been held to be a misfortune. I rather think it is usual for European doctors to altogether prohibit the consumption of fruit during a visitation; and we shall have rather a tantalizing time whenever the fell disease may again make its way to our shores.

I am thankful to say that my experience of cholera times is not very extensive. No doubt, when the dreadful disease is actually among an English community, they will be as much scared and horrified as denizens of any other country; but I do not think the apprehension of its appearance creates even proper alarm and caution. As a proof of this, I shall mention a commotion which I know to have occurred some years ago in a small English borough, at a time when it might have been expected that a sense of common danger would have suppressed for the time class jealousies. Up to the date of the event to which reference is made, the little town had itself escaped the epidemic, which, however, was making considerable havoc in several places not very distant. One day a woman, a tramp, or a



person not much above the level of a tramp, came to the borough, was taken ill there in a mean lodging-house, and speedily died. It was soon ascertained that she had come from a town where Asiatic cholera had established itself, and the doctors affirmed that she had died of that disease.

Now the local authorities were, to do them justice, quite on the alert. Immediately after the death occurred, the mayor and corporation met in their hall and deliberated on the situation. To carry the body from the lodging-house where it lay to the churchyard would have involved the taking it through the principal streets. Even though some of the streets might have been avoided by using a circuitous route, the churchyard could not be reached without passing through one or two streets — and the old burial-ground was dangerously near to a large number of houses. Medical opinion was decidedly against burying the woman in the churchyard; and happily, as it seemed, there was an alternative to that proceeding, for there was an enclosed piece of ground about half a mile off, and quite without the town, on which had formerly stood a chapel, and where a tower was yet standing. This piece of ground was consecrated, and it could be reached from the lodging-house without traversing more than a very small part of one of the streets.

The town council therefore thought that they had in every way taken prudent and reasonable order when they decreed that the grave should be dug in the piece of ground near the tower, and that the funeral should take its way thither, where all rites would be duly performed. It was lucky, as they thought, that this consecrated area was available; the safety of the living could be regarded without disrespect to the dead; the burgesses thought that they had discreetly settled an unexpected and menacing difficulty.

If, however, they thought that they were to receive the thanks of the community, they were grievously deceived. No sooner was it known that the burial was to take place near the old tower, than the lower orders of people, putting aside all concern about the cholera, grew vastly excited at the thought of carrying the body to this ground, which had for long been unused for interments. They said that, if it had been a well-to-do citizen that had so died instead of a friendless stranger, no authority would for a moment have thought of ordering the burial to be effected elsewhere than in the churchyard. They col-

lected in angry groups about the streets (it was on a Sunday), and ultimately gathered in an immense mob about the house where the body was lying, declaring that the burial should be in the churchyard, and nowhere else.

The disappointed magistrates and councillors, when they understood how ill their arrangements had been received by a large part of the community, repaired to the scene of tumult, and endeavored to convince the populace that what had been ordered was for the common good of all, high and low, that the danger was a very serious one, and that, as good citizens, all were bound to assist in removing to a distance as speedily as possible the infectious remains. But they could scarcely obtain a hearing. Fifty orators were ready from among the crowd to overbear them, and to assert in no gentle terms that they (the authorities) would not have acted as they had done if the deceased had been one of their own relations or order. They did not care a straw (so they said) about the danger, which could not be greater from a poor person's corpse than from a rich one's; they would allow no burying in a strange ground — that might be depended on; and therefore the authorities, if they were wise, would lose no time in preparing a grave in the churchyard, and ordering the funeral to take place there.

Things continued in this way for several hours. No actual violence had occurred, but there was great excitement. The woman still lay unburied. The magistrates did not choose to rescind or modify their decree; and the populace still declared that the funeral, as decreed, should not take place. Evening had come, and it was considered most important that the interment should take place at once. I should mention that the police force of the little borough was very meagre, and quite unable to cope with such a mob as was filling the streets.

At this conjuncture whispers were passed about that troops had been demanded from the nearest garrison town, and that a couple of regiments would be present before morning to enforce the magistrates' orders. There is some reason, however, to doubt the truth of these whispers, because the conduct of the authorities showed that they had by no means lost faith in themselves as yet. They announced that the state of the town was so unruly that it was necessary for them to retire once more to their hall to consult as to what the next move must

be. They begged that while they should be deliberating, the people would consider the great danger in which the whole town was placed by this mutiny, and the scandal incurred by persisting in it.

It was observed by the more reasonable of those who were mixed in the assembly, that the crowd, when thus left to itself by the magistrates, became of a sudden somewhat calmer. It had no longer champions of the law to wrangle with it, so the fire declined from lack of fuel; and it did not appear to have any clear ideas of action; it was only an obtrusive mob without leaders—indeed everybody capable of taking a lead was on the side of the law. So, although the aspect of things had not changed much, there seemed to be a general disposition to wait and see what the authorities would do next.

As I have heard the tale told, the town council, when it reassembled in guild-hall, did not exhibit the helplessness which it is customary to expect from civic bodies when called upon to deal with unwonted difficulties. There were one or two burgesses who wiped their heads, said the responsibility was very serious indeed, and hinted that it would be better to let the people have their way. A small section followed a fiery little man with red hair who was all for gunpowder. "Have troops here," counselled this section, "with the least possible delay. Read the Riot Act. After that, if any offer opposition to the law, let the military deal with 'em." But the mayor and his deputy, supported by the town clerk, offered advice which was not begotten of fright, or of belief in the riding down, gagging, and pinioning method. His worship said that there had not been rioting so far; it was by no means certain that they might not yet prevail with the people to let the law have way; and that they were not by a long way near the end of their home resources. He then propounded a scheme of action, which, after a short discussion, was substantially adopted.

The municipal body now returned to the neighborhood of the lodging-house, taking with them this time their crier in his robes and with his wand of office. As the magistrates entered among the crowd, the crier turned suddenly to a respectable tradesman who was watching the proceedings, called upon him in the sovereign's name to aid in upholding the law, and told him that the mayor desired him to take the oath as a special constable, which he would refuse to do at his peril. The tradesman, who was quite on the side of

order, took the required oath at once. Another decent man was then sworn in, and then another. Then the crier came upon one of the noisy malcontents, and required him to be sworn. The fellow refused at first; but the mayor reminded him that he did so at his peril—and these appeared to him, as Pistol's rant did to Mrs. Quickly, to be very bitter words. Moreover, he had seen more substantial persons than himself comply with similar demands: he was taken aback; he received the book and took the oath.

The effect of these proceedings was very satisfactory. When the noisy rogue suffered himself to be sworn, and the murmur ran about, "You must; you can't refuse; it's jail and £50 penalty,"—a great many leading obstructionists, who did not fancy being enlisted as agents of the law, made retreat as quietly as possible, and repaired to their own houses. The swearing, however, went on among the many that remained on the ground, until twenty or thirty special constables had been made. The crowd hardly knew what to make of this move, and stood quiet and somewhat astonished, wondering what would happen next.

What did happen was, that the mayor, who was now listened to more patiently than before, said a few soothing words to the assemblage. He told them that he fancied their dissatisfaction to have arisen from a belief that the authorities were inclined to treat the deceased slightly because she was an indigent person. This was very far from the fact. They had acted solely from considerations of public safety, and by no means with an intention to respect persons. In proof whereof, he was glad to tell them that the corporation had ordered the hearse (there was but one in the town, and that but rarely in request) to bear the body to the grave; also, that some of the aldermen and council would follow as mourners, so that no mark of respect might be wanting.

As he finished speaking, the plumes of the hearse came into view, as the vehicle was driven up the street. The most refractory of the mob had, as I said, slunk away for fear of being made special constables. There was nobody to lead an opposition; the honest mayor had all his own way; and a cheer even greeted the hearse as it drew up at the door of the lodging-house. The special constables formed two lines from the house door to the hearse, and between them the body was brought out by the workmen who

made the coffin, boxed up for its last journey, and driven off to the old tower (followed, as was promised, by some of the corporation), and there decorously interred.

So ended the tumult. There was not another case of cholera in the healthy old borough; and the little *émeute* soon ceased to be a prominent topic of conversation. If the inhabitants generally of that borough were not to be put from their domestic jealousies by fear of disease, I am able to state that one individual could be quite alive to the danger of an epidemic. This was proved at a time when not cholera, but typhus fever was the scare. An old lady of the place having heard that typhus was in the neighborhood, declared that she would take it and die of it. She had not the faith in her own prediction that would have made her passively await its fulfilment, but, hopeless as she declared her case to be, made vigorous efforts to turn the fate aside. Being a person of some means, she had not much difficulty in taking her measures. She hired a house several miles in the country, shut herself therein with one servant, and established a stringent system of interdicting communication, except of the most sparing and necessary kind. Her quarantine was kept up for a week or two; but alas! by the end of that time there was an end of precaution, for she had died of typhus. It was remarkable that there was not another case of the disease for many miles round her.

If I have not a very intimate acquaintance with cholera, I cannot say the same of yellow fever, for of this last I have witnessed the ravages in different parts of the world; I have also felt its grip. It is a question not yet, as I think, decided, whether yellow fever is conveyed by infection or not. Certain it is that some persons believe it to be so; and I remember a diabolical attempt to introduce it into a healthy region by means of infected clothing. It happened at Bermuda during the period when North and South were flying at each other's throats in the American States, and when, by reason of the blockade-running, a good many Southerners were collected in the Bermuda group. There had been a bad outbreak of yellow fever while the war was being waged; and before the disease had quite subsided, a discovery was made of a box, the passage of which had been provided for to the Northern States so that it might arrive in the hottest part of summer. It was found to contain the bed-

clothes and body linen (as was evident from the condition of the articles) of persons who had been afflicted with the epidemic. The intention, no doubt, was to introduce and spread the pestilence in the Northern towns and districts. I quite forget how the attempt was first brought to light; but very little doubt was at the time entertained that it was deliberately planned, and was to have been mercilessly carried out.

It is a not uncommon belief that the free use of intoxicating liquors, so common in warm climates, renders one very susceptible of the fever, and takes largely from the chances of recovery if the disease be once induced. In its general, unmodified form, this belief is certainly incorrect; conditionally, it is probably true. As facts in support of my assertions I adduce first, that in the visitation at Bermuda to which I have referred, several men, known to be steady and hard drinkers, enjoyed complete immunity from the attacks of fever; second, that in the same epidemic occasional inebriates — men who every now and then went in for a "burst up," and then returned to steady habits for a while — hardly ever escaped, and hardly ever recovered.

The habitual topers not only did not take the fever, but they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge that they were quite safe from it. Not one of them evinced the least apprehension when every one else was panic-stricken; not one of them condescended to make the slightest alteration in his copious and fiery potations. They fearlessly performed for the sick and dead offices which sober men were not very eager about undertaking; and they seemed rather proud that a time had arrived when they became of some importance, for ordinarily they were reputed, and treated as, besotted, useless rascals. It is an unpleasant truth for the blue-ribbons, but it seems to be a truth nevertheless, that to keep well saturated with alcohol is a safeguard against yellow fever.

There is no great difficulty in the way of understanding why men given to occasional fits of excess should fare badly in a time of pestilence. They weakened their powers of repelling or resisting disease without attaining that thoroughly cured condition which could set fever at defiance. And they had rather a fatal time of it.

As to the general mass of society, it was hard to name any particular class which escaped attack, or any which

seemed especially open to it. Strong men were stricken and succumbed; delicate men escaped or recovered. Almost every one who had not been a patient in previous visitations suffered now. Convalescence was generally tedious; but after a few months, all souvenirs of the fever in the shape of bodily ailments disappeared. I have reason to believe that scientific opinion is much divided as to the origin of, and the best method of dealing with, this pestilence. There are a few instances on record—I know of two myself—of patients having recovered after having had black vomit, which is looked upon as a fatal occurrence. As to the tendency of reckless habits to induce or to intensify the diseases incidental to warm climates, I remember to have heard it said by a military surgeon who had been long in Jamaica, that he thought the intemperate habits of soldiers ward off as much disease as they induced. Soldiers commit such gross errors as to eating unwholesome things, and as to going into and even sleeping in marshes, thickets, and other places known to be dangerous to health, that the excitement of alcohol probably often saves them from the ill effects of poisons. The mention of thickets reminds me of a case which I once knew of, where a soldier, sleeping in the bush, drew a fly of some sort into his nostrils, which bred with great rapidity in his head. The doctors knew what was wrong, but were altogether unable to check the progress of the insects into his brain, by penetrating to which they killed him in great agony.

We are apt to connect intemperate habits with hot climates, but “we never need leave our own dear isle” for some pretty examples of what may be done in the way of consuming alcohol. As I have touched on the subject of hard drinking abroad, I will now give two examples (which I believe to be quite genuine) of home achievements. The hero of the first was an old yeoman whose first name was Steeve; his surname I need not mention. Old Steeve was at work one day, fork in hand, in a field overlooking a lane. Along the lane came, trotting on his pony, a county member who had lately been re-elected, and in whose favor old Steeve always recorded a vote. Seeing and recognizing his faithful constituent, the legislator drew his bridle, inquired after the yeoman's health, remarked that it was a gloomy day, and having executed this piece of politeness, was about to trot on, when Steeve prolonged the parley.

“Measter Member.”

“Well, Mr. J——?”

“I reckon 'tis more'n thirty year that I have a-voted for you and your brether.”

“I think it must be, Mr. J——; and very highly flattered my family feels by your steady support, I assure you. I'm proud of your good opinion.”

“Like enough you be, sir. But do you know that in all that long time I can't recollect that I ever drink'd a glass at your expense, except to election times, when everybody could wet their clay? Now that's hardly reasonable.”

“I think you must be mistaken,” answered the member. “I don't generally neglect my friends, especially such staunch friends as you; but, mistaken or not, I shall be very glad if you think proper to drink my health some evening soon at the Rising Sun.”

“Thank 'ee, sir. Perhaps you'll be so good as to let 'em know that they may sarve me.”

“I will. I'm going by there now; and I won't forget to tell the landlord that he's to serve you with as much as you wish to take the first night you go down.”

“That's honorable, sir. Good-day.”

About a week after this, the member, riding in that direction again, stopped at the Rising Sun, learned that old Steeve had “been and had his drop,” and inquired what was to pay. A note was handed to him making him debtor to the establishment by thirty-seven glasses of grog served to Mr. Steeve J——. The member was indignant.

“You've had plenty of my money,” he said, “at this Rising Sun. There was no need of your laying it on in this way. I didn't want to stint the old man, and I told you so. But I didn't think you'd have taken this advantage.”

“No advantage have been took, sir,” the landlord replied. “That's the fair and honest account of what old Steeve dranked.”

“Well, you'll allow me to ask him about it before I settle?”

“Sartainly, sir; and you'll find all correct.”

So the debtor rode off towards old Steeve's acres, and found the yeoman much in the same spot, and occupied much in the same way, as at their former meeting.

“Mornin', measter,” said Steeve, smiling benignantly.

“Good-morning, Mr. J——. Glad to see you all right and at work.”

“Me! Lord bless 'ee, I am always right

and hearty, I be! Much obliged for your little treat, sir. I enjoyed that drop, I did."

"It's a satisfaction if it made you happy; but, I say, Mr. Steeve, I didn't think that, when I gave you entire liberty for your own entertainment, you'd have gone and treated half the parish at my expense."

"Me, sir? Me treat the parish at your honor's expense? No: that's a thing old Steeve 'ud scorn to do. Whoever says he got a thimbleful by my means out of your honor is a lying varmint, and if you'll gi' me his name, I'll tell 'n so, whoever he may be."

"Then it must be as I suspected at first; the people at the inn have been down on me."

"What have they charged your honor, if I may ax?"

"Rather tell me first, Mr. J——, how many glasses I ought to pay for. We'll soon see then who has been trying it on me."

"Certainly, measter," answered Steeve, and he scratched his head as if in calculation. Then, after the pause, he added, "I can't recollect noan after the xix-and-thirtieth."

Whereupon his representative said he thought he would pay the score without further taxing.

The next example was in a much higher walk of life—a gallant admiral who at his London club used to consume nightly eleven tumblers of whiskey toddy. On a certain day he learned that he had been appointed to an important command, and that evening, in honor of the event, he increased his whack by ten tumblers, making it twenty-one tumblers all told.

#### AN ANECDOTE — SCIENCE *versus* FICTION.

PERHAPS I have said too much about excessive drinking, which, as we may fairly hope, is becoming unpopular. If so, I will try to compensate for the error by saying something about another admiral who was certainly open to no reproach on the score of self-indulgence, but noted for good and gallant service of which he bore the marks on his person. This fine old sailor, having his flag flying on board a line-of-battle ship in the West Indies, was taking the general officer then commanding the land forces round the islands, that he might pleasantly and rapidly visit the different stations of his command. As they were passing the island of St. Lucia, the admiral pointed to

a small sugar-loaf-shaped rock close to it, named Pigeon Island, and said, "That barren-looking cone will always have an interest for me; because, insignificant as it is, it was the scene of my first real separate responsibility." On being asked what the position was to which he alluded, he went on to say: "I am speaking of the day when we took the island—long enough ago now. I was a very small actor in the affair; but they considered it necessary to occupy Pigeon Island, and they had not at first troops immediately disposable to send thither. The consequence was, that I, with two or three boats' crews, was ordered to land there and hold the rock until I should be relieved of my charge by a military officer. Proud enough I was of my position. I was governor of an island for several hours. At length my government came to an end; for an ensign with a party came to relieve me. So I handed over my government to Mr. Somebody-or-other—I haven't the least recollection of his name or regiment—and retired once more into very subordinate life."

Whereupon the general, who had been listening to the story with much interest, sprang to his feet, brought his right hand down with emphasis on his left, and exclaimed,—

"And, by G—, I was the man who came and relieved you!"

The remarkable thing was, that these two chiefs, who had now grown old and grey in the service, had never again seen each other since, as lads, they hastily exchanged duties, until they came together as commanders—and that, on this occasion of their second meeting, they should pass the scene of their first. Between the two meetings, each of them had served with much distinction in different parts of the world. It so chanced that I was on the deck of the flag-ship when the scene which I have described took place.

As I think of that voyage, I am impressed by the much closer acquaintance which we have formed with St. Lucia, and indeed with the West Indies in general, since those days—which, after all, are not so long ago. The snakes, the negroes, the flying-fish, and the sharks, used to be themes on which travellers could dilate for the amusement of their home-tarrying friends; but now it is so easy and so short an expedition for a man to go and see that region for himself, and so many have seen and declared its wonders, that life in the Gulf of Mexico is as well comprehended at our firesides as life in Ken-



sington. One must go to central Africa or to the interior of Tartary who wants to bring home anything fresh. The progress of science and art, which enables us thus to bring the ends of the earth together, is no doubt, on the whole, a great gain to humanity; but there are losses too, which must count as serious offsets. How are mankind ever to be compensated for the ignorance and darkness out of which glimmered the shadowy forms, the impossible adventures, the occult powers, the monsters animate and inanimate, of sovereign fiction, the materials of ever-to-be-wept romance? I might parody Pistol's fustian, and say, "Come we to plain facts here, and are charmed fables nothing?" Alas, alas! advancement will be dearly paid for if it is to cost us our mystery and our myths!

Of all the countries of the earth, Egypt was, perhaps, the most mystic and most legendary. Even while we breathe to-day, our public servants, civil and military, and our press, are sedulously at work secularizing Egypt; so that the time cannot be far distant when the Pyramids will be known as well as Paul's — when the shoe-brigade, while awaiting customers, will season their discourse with slang drawn from the labyrinth, and tame crocodiles will waddle at the heels of butchers' lads. These, however, are the material, real wonders of the land: cannot all the imaginary spells of it remain as great as ever, though the gross, palpable objects become intimately known? I say, no. The sanctity of the Nile has passed away, now that that "exulting and abounding river" can be profaned by groups of personally conducted Cockneys from its mouths to its ruthlessly exposed source — now that its nakedness has been uncovered, and the fountain which had been kept secret since the foundation of the world revealed. The Thebes in whose gates "a 'undred 'Arrys" daily imbibe their Bass — must it not be commonplace and vulgar as Brummagen itself? Even the memory of Cleopatra descends to the lowest level of interest since the scenes in which she bloomed and charmed became common tracks. Familiarity and awe cannot away together; gnomes and afrites, marvels and dreams, flee before accurate topography and every-day intimacy. Unfortunately, the science which is turning Egypt and other strongholds of fable into material for facts and figures, and forbids them any longer to furnish such stuff as dreams are made of, does not take us much nearer

to an even obscure acquaintance with life in Jupiter and Saturn, so that it gives us no compensation for the joys which it takes away. If it would only land a few enterprising explorers in the moon, and bring them back to us after a sojourn there, imagination might transfer her regard to the satellite, and find there the pictures which she may no longer import from corners of the earth. But we are to have no twilight region henceforth — nothing between prosaic accuracy and blank ignorance.

On reading over what I wrote just now about familiarity operating to the abatement of awe, I am reminded of how the country people often lose their regard for the solemnity of an oath. This may arise from the irreverent administration of oaths in justice-rooms, or from the profane swearing concerning unimportant matters which is too common among them. I recollect the case of one old witness in an assize court, who evidently did not consider the oath which he had just sworn to be a sufficient security that he would speak the truth; for, as counsel commenced to examine him, he turned to the judge, at the same time raising his clasped hands, and saying, —

"My lord, do you see my two hands?"

"What does this mean?" said the judge.

"Yes, I see your hands; but why don't you attend to the gentleman's question?"

"Well, my lord judge, what I've got to say is this: I hope those hands may never unclasp [*i.e.*, unfasten] no more, if I don't tell the whole truth. I wouldn't say that to a lie."

#### PRICES OF FOOD — DITTO OF MEN.

RUSTIC simplicity is fast disappearing, now that communication is so easy, and men of all classes contrive to see a little of the world. And, unfortunately, the same transport which can move men about, moves also food and other necessities, much of which have greatly risen in price since they can be so easily transferred. Such fish as that old witness whom I mentioned consumed, would cost now four times what he paid for it, because it can be taken to the London markets. Vegetables also have become very dear to this generation, and I think many of the peasants would say they had gained but little by the march of improvement.

It is a hard thing that, with employment so precarious as it is, and with wages so low, provisions should be high-priced in all the great towns. Butcher's meat, poultry, fish, and bread are certainly much



dearer than they ought to be. If graziers, fishermen, and farmers received large payments for these commodities, it might be supposed that the cost of breeding, taking, or growing them was so great that only a long price could remunerate those who occupy themselves therewith. But it is notorious that the first vendors of them get by no means large profits for their pains, although the consumers—the retail buyers—have to pay exorbitantly. The great profits, no doubt, go into the pockets of butchers, bakers, poulterers, and fishmongers, and probably of other middlemen who stand between the eater and the producer. The rules of the political economists seem to be at fault here, and might fairly be threatened with banishment to Jupiter or Saturn; for spite of the immense commerce in these necessities of life, competition does not aid the consumer at all. Rather there is no healthy competition, for the retail sellers are able to combine and overbear all attempts to offer the goods at a lower rate. It was for a time hoped that the co-operative societies might prevail to break the power of what are really great conspiracies against the interests of the public; but they have hitherto accomplished little as regards fresh provisions.

The evil is one very difficult to contend with, notwithstanding that we are able to see pretty clearly where the unsound place is. Catches of fish are parted with by the toilers of the sea for extremely moderate considerations; foreign grain and foreign carcasses are brought hither and sold at decidedly cheap rates,—and yet the buyer for his own table finds his retail purchase singularly dear. Now that these facts are known, it is probable that in time we may see the obstacles to fair dealing in the food of the people cleared away. So far, even though they *are* known, the facts obtain much less attention than they deserve. Compare the protests made by the public against the conspirators who keep up the retail prices of food, with the indignation which clamors so loudly if one only hints at such a thing as a protective duty; and yet the duty would enhance the price very far less than these combinations do. The duties are made odious to serve political objects; but it benefits no party to denounce the action of middlemen and retailers, and so their overthrow is left to time. Time, probably, will not fail us. After long waiting the public has at length had some right done it in the article of household fuel, and this gives ground for

hope that right will some day triumph in respect of provisions.

Nothing could look more hopeless than the high price of household coal did in the south of England a few years ago. Now it has become, rather suddenly, more moderate—the means having been found, after long waiting, of outflanking the destructive army of middlemen, and of bringing the colliery owner and the consumer into direct relation.\* An intermediate business, which for long enriched a few tradesmen, has been, or soon will be, eliminated; on the other hand, the population at large experience a marked relief in regard to an indispensable commodity. To the poor in winter, the boon of moderately priced coal must be inexpressibly welcome.

The word *price* has formed a link between ideas which, at first view, have little in common. I pass from the price of commodities to the price of men.

What Walpole said about every man having his price, seems to be in these days applicable to persons in the employ of the State, who are intrusted with information or documents which it is their duty to keep secret. Every now and then occasions come about when it is worth the while of certain persons to pay highly for such information or documents, in order that they may make the same public; and it too often happens that public servants, who have not the excuse of necessity or low wages to plead, yield to the temptation of a heavy bribe. It is no unusual thing for us to read in print some of the proceedings of councils and committees, which every one officially aware of them has been bound to keep secret; this remark applies to times when such proceedings may not be the subjects of great public curiosity or interest. But again, there are times when very much anxiety is felt concerning secret documents or opinions, when it is most inconvenient (to use a moderate word) to cabinets or councils that their proceedings should be known, and yet when means can be found of overcoming somebody's honor, honesty, or sense of duty, and of obtaining surreptitiously what official prescription has anxiously endeavored to veil from public view.

I am led to these reflections by the premature disclosure, which occurred last autumn, of the heads of a Redistribution Bill which had been drawn up by a committee of the Cabinet. But I soon look back to the earlier betrayal of the proceedings of the Berlin Conference in 1878.

And then I return still farther into the past, and think of the mysterious publication (in 1848, as I think) of the letter addressed by the first Duke of Wellington to Sir John Burgoyne, then inspector-general of fortifications, on the subject of our defences. Burgoyne was the last man in the world to make an improper use of a public document; and it may be assumed, without argument, that he had no idea that the document was in dishonest hands, until after it was in anybody's hands who was willing to pay sixpence for it. He probably could not avoid communicating to the master-general of the ordnance and others that he had received such a letter. Some artful person, by theft or cunning, got possession of the paper, copied it, and sold the copy to a newspaper. The story current was, that a lady of some notoriety, by gross misrepresentation, and by a solemn promise that no improper use should be made of it, obtained possession of the letter for an hour from a member of Burgoyne's family, who took it from his desk. One may imagine the state of mind of Sir John when he had to go to the duke, who had always thought highly of him, and to try to make his peace after such an unhappy occurrence. "Take damned good care you never let another letter of mine to you find its way into print!" were said to have been his Grace's words which ended the interview.

The Berlin Treaty disclosure was known to have been made by a temporarily employed clerk in the English Foreign Office. It seems to be a sad reproach to us of the nineteenth century, that we cannot secure the inviolability of our State papers and transactions. Richelieu, Fredericks, Metternichs, could avoid such exposure, to say nothing of the older cabinets of the Escorial under Philip II., or of Venice in the days of our Tudor sovereigns. Yet we moderns, in the great age of invention, with all appliances and means at our disposal, cannot guard ourselves against the curious who will pay. Probably our inability in this respect may be traced to the manner of making government appointments, to which our Parliamentary system forces us. Had our ministers the power of arbitrarily appointing and dismissing the secretaries, clerks, and others in their departments, they might find means of keeping these assistants faithful to their trusts. But with the mode of appointment now in fashion, and with the difficulties that lie in the way of getting rid of a public servant though he may be grievously suspected, it can hardly be but that

affairs of State are now and then confided to *employés* who prove to be corruptible.

If the same kind of treachery was not complained of in earlier days, that probably was because there was then no ready market for stolen papers. That there were always weak natures ready to sacrifice duty for pelf, I am afraid we have only too much warrant for saying. In old days it was a very lucrative commission to bring home a freight of specie from abroad. The senders of such valuable cargo were always especially glad if it could be confided to the captain of a man-of-war. Hence at those foreign stations whence we received the precious metals, there was always a chance of a captain being sent to England with a treasure in the hold of his ship, for conveying which he would receive very substantial reward. When this could be done in due order — that is to say, when the captain could take his rich freight by command of his superior — he was simply a fortunate individual. But such things used to be known as captains intriguing to get the offer of bullion freights; and then, forgetful of their duty and honor, leaving their stations without orders or permission, and not caring for the dereliction of their duty as long as they could secure the dues for transporting the freight. Of course any man so acting had to face the decision of a court-martial on his conduct. But, unfortunately, the gain to be made by one voyage was sometimes so great as to tempt a commander to risk his commission to secure it. I remember an old captain who had done this, and contrived to escape punishment for his act. Unless he was most unwarrantably misrepresented, he used to be fond of bragging to his familiars of this achievement, and of saying, "You see I put my commission in one hand and the freight-money in the other, and found the latter a devilish deal the better worth having of the two." Such venality in a post-captain was quite as bad as any traffic in documents of which we have had to complain in later days.

#### MEN ABOVE PRICE.

To turn now from men who not only had their price, but who did not scruple to ticket themselves as open to a bid, it is pleasant to be reminded of one whose conscience was of a far severer order. Only a very few months since, it was notified to English-speaking men that Samuel Johnson had been dead a hundred years; and there was a proposal to mark the epoch by pilgrimages to Lichfield and

commemorative ceremonies. The public did not, I think, incline very seriously to the demonstration; and probably those who best know how to value Johnson see no reason to regret that this was the case. For centenaries are becoming somewhat vulgar tributes, and our sturdy moralist still commands from his countrymen a respect which would scarcely sort well with processions and spectacles. Had he left behind him simply the fame of a great author, there might have been something fitting in acting to enthusiastic audiences his tragedy, with Miss Ellen Terry for Irene, and an exceptionally powerful cast — in presenting the London of one hundred and twenty years ago — in elaborating tableaux from the "Prince of Abyssinia;" but the Johnson whom we revere to-day is the sage far more than the author. Our great-grandfathers and grandfathers did, I truly believe, regard the sonorous doctor as a mighty leader in all the most majestic modes of letters. His drama, his didactic pieces, his essays, his biographies, and above all these, perhaps, his "Rasselas," were considered to represent extraordinarily high flights of genius; but is it slander to say now that, except the celebrated dictionary, hardly one of his volumes is ever moved from the shelf? I can remember having his "classic" tale put into my hand when I was a lad, as a sublime composition — a model of style and of construction, and a hive of wisdom; but I do not think I at that time was enticed far beyond the initial sentence wherein the drum is beat to call the audience together. How many of his lines do we ever hear quoted to-day? Perhaps the name at which the world grew pale; I can remember no more. While a man might be presented with a guinea for every leaf of "The Rambler" or "Idler" which he has turned, and yet not be exceeding rich!

No; it is the social and conversational doctor, the brave, true-hearted man, the denouncer of vice and profaneness — who could be neighbor to the poor and forsaken, who could stun pretenders with a concentrated sentence — the simple-living, conscientious Colossus, to whom we look back with affectionate respect. Great gatherings and special observances would not create an appreciation of Johnson's great qualities if we had it not; and as fortunately we have it, and have retained it but little impaired for a hundred years, it is itself the best witness to his merit to which we can point. Being dead he yet speaketh, as Abel does. With command-

ing intellect, great acquirements, and many infirmities of both body and mind, he not ineffectually endeavored to live agreeably to his high profession; his life, private and social, has been exhibited and sifted as few lives have been; he is seen to have been in the main firm, honest, and true, with many failings, especially in small things, but free from grievous blot of any kind. Without birth or connections, without wealth or even competence, with nature in many ways against him, Johnson by force of character wrought for himself a dictatorship to which the well-born, the rich, the gifted, and the great submitted. A grand figure truly! but we have him effectually enshrined in the memory and sentiment of the nation. There is no need of going to Lichfield.

As I have been tracing the sentences immediately foregoing, it was impossible almost but that there should steal into my mind thought of a distinguished contemporary and friend of Johnson, who, in many respects, is antithetical to him. Dr. Goldsmith deserves, and has found, a warm place in the hearts of posterity; but it is not his character, it is his sweet and pleasant writings for which we cherish his memory. His pen wound its way into the affections of men, charmed their ears, delighted their imaginations. He did not tower above them like Johnson; his voice came from among them, giving shape to their thoughts, articulating their cries, showing them to themselves in kindly groupings. How, being to the eye of his fellows what he appeared, he could give forth the utterances which delighted them, which delight us, and which will delight our posterity for generations, is one of the mysteries which forever are confounding the world. Immensely inferior as he was to Johnson as a man, as a writer he left him far behind. Johnson's works (the dictionary again excepted) are kept alive through our liking of their author; but it is not so with "Sweet Auburn" or "The Primroses." They have immortalized Goldsmith; he did nothing for them except bring them into the world. "A word in due season, how good is it!" though a true proverb, might be capped with one far more striking — viz., a few words well chosen, and chanted in the right key, how they stir men's minds and compel their sympathies!

The music, pictures, and large charity of "The Deserted Village" were touches on the springs of feeling by a master-hand; yet one may fairly doubt whether the master was wholly conscious of the

power that was in him. On that and on "The Vicar of Wakefield" I suppose that his fame principally rests. But if we are to measure the public's appreciation by the tendency of writers and speakers to quote passages and bring them into familiar use, then the witty piece called "Retaliation" is his most successful effort. Its lines are handed about with great freedom—often used in Parliament and in the lecture-room—much resorted to by critics and essayists, and passed as currency by many a talker who knows not at what mint they were coined. The characters sketched in the poem were those of individuals; the application of the sketches is of unlimited extent.

My earliest acquaintance with Goldsmith (and it came very early in my career) was through his ballad "The Hermit," which I, with some difficulty, got by heart. I was so young and so unpractised in poetical methods as not to be able to comprehend the situation in the opening without assistance; but I remember well how powerfully affected I was by the romance when once I received it. The verses took firm hold, have withstood it "the whips and scorns of time,"

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,

have presented themselves, and still do present themselves, though I have been face to face with time long enough to have forgotten many a thing which seemed more important than my childish task. Thus I am hardly an impartial judge; but it seems to me that, besides the sweet and kindly thoughts, and the affecting subject, the art shown in construction has much to do with the merit of the idyl. Simple as it reads, I should say there is very superior workmanship in it.

Now that peasant proprietorships are so much in favor, Goldsmith's line,

When every rood of ground maintained its man,

suggests itself as if it were just written for the occasion. The poet, singularly happy in expression, has supplied a text on the sentiment of which men of a complexion far different from his may wrangle, after he has been asleep for an age. But we must look to him for nothing more than the text: he was not the man to take hard questions in his teeth and shake the truth out of them. No, happily he was not; for had he been given to demonstration, we should have wanted the in-

imitable pictures of the preacher, the pedagogue, the ale-house, the village green, and the emigrants. I doubt if there be much wisdom in this delightful poem, and whether it may not have instilled into many minds grave, mischievous error hidden in its surpassing sweets. But into its tendencies I will not now inquire; it is genuine poetry, brought pure from Helicon.

When one reflects on the many departments of the belles-lettres in which Goldsmith's success has stood the test of a century—certainly tale, drama, satire, eclogue, and most tender and melodious pastoral—the thought will rise that to him much more aptly than to Sheridan, might Moore have applied his eulogy, that he ran

Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

Yet, with his various talents, he appeared to many simply as a medium through whose lips a familiar spirit poured stirring utterances which were hardly filtered through his brain; for, tried in society on a sudden, or when the weird influence was absent, he gave no indication of a superior mind, while he offered but too many proofs that he was neither wise nor prudent.

"What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own," are remarks that may be reflected upon the writer of them. Neither Johnson nor Goldsmith saw, probably, how he would appear to posterity, yet each seemed to have some insight into the other's genius. Goldsmith told Johnson that if he wrote of fishes, he would make them all whales; while Johnson said of his friend, that he would make a history of the earth and animated nature as entertaining as a fairy tale.

There was a common friend of them both in whose honor a centenary commemoration might have been very fitting, because, from the nature of his art, his productions could not remain to speak for themselves. I mean, of course, Garrick, whom we can know only by the descriptions and panegyrics which his contemporaries have handed down to us. Some ceremonies, addresses, and well-chosen dramatic exhibitions might have kept dear to memory one whom his own generation thought to be the foremost actor of all this world. In writing thus, I do not, of course, overlook the fact that Garrick's fame has been preserved by the works of his friends.

Apropos of his fame, the assertion that



he, or any other, was the greatest actor that ever lived, sounds very arbitrary. That an actor was the first of his own time is a thing susceptible of proof by evidence; but how it can be proved that he excelled performers of another time beside whom he never appeared, and who were never seen by audiences who had enjoyed his presentations of characters, passes comprehension. It is a received axiom with some writers, and accepted by a vast number of believers, that Garrick was the greatest of the actors who have walked the English boards. But how compare Garrick with Macready or with Irving? It is hardly possible that a critic who has seen Irving can have seen Garrick. How, then, is a comparison to be made? This we know — viz., that Garrick's generation be-Rosciused him, extolled him, and enjoyed his talents in a degree to which we find no parallel in foregoing or succeeding generations. This, however, simply proves that Garrick's contemporaries were more devoted to the drama than men of older time or than men of this day. Say that Garrick's career was run at a period when the minds of instructed men and capable critics were directed to the achievements of actors more intently than at any other time, and you will find few to differ from you; but this is very different from demonstrating that he was never equalled on the English stage. He improved, no doubt, the style of acting — was, as Goldsmith said, "natural, simple, affecting" — and so he won the hearts and admiration of all who witnessed his playing; yet others may have done the same who had not the good fortune to be so worthily judged, or to possess so many friends able to sound effectively the speaking-trump of fame. I think it is rather characteristic of us English, that in extolling our favorites we are prone to draw upon the credit of other times as well as of our own. It is not very long ago since some fanatical sycophant of a minister who is not at the present moment very triumphant far or near, hailed him as "the greatest statesman of this or of any age."

## AMERICA AND DYNAMITE.

As to the administration of the "statesman" whom I mentioned just now, while so many are deploring the miseries and dangers which in so many quarters he has brought upon us, I will point to one little streak of light in international affairs, which perhaps, amid our innumerable anxieties, has created less satisfaction

than it should. The United States of America have at last become alive to the truth that it is not just, or creditable, or wise to allow their cities and territories to be used as rendezvous for bands of assassins who contrive the wickedest and most destructive crimes against the inhabitants of Great Britain and their property, or as workshops for the construction of diabolical engines for effecting those crimes. Impunity for these assassins lasted so long in America that we regarded the suppression of the contrivances at their source as hopeless; and even now, when America feels scandalized, we do not think ourselves much nearer relief from these practices. But it is a great deal, in such cases, to have public recognition of the criminality of these nefarious plotters. Even to rouse opinion against them will impede and discourage them greatly; and opinion once aroused, the discouragement will probably be followed up to the extent of legislation and legal action.

When we blame the Americans for the indifference with which they have so long regarded the infamous doings, we must remember that many of them saw in the explosions and murders only a wild sort of justice. They were altogether disposed to think us unjust and oppressive, and the complaints which the Irish raised against us seemed to them well founded. Add to this that we have been, some of us, unwise enough to admit that there is justice in these complaints, and we can scarcely wonder that, after this plea of *guilty*, partial though it might be, they should not be eaten up with zeal to balk the Irishmen of their vengeance. There are many signs at last that they are perceiving the truth as to these matters. They have examined a little into the meaning of Irish wrongs, and not found them so grievous as they were supposed to be; they have also comprehended the morbid condition which led to self-accusation, and been rather amused at our penitential humor. Coincidentally almost with their waking up to a perception of the true state of the case, they have been startled by a cracker or two going off at their own doors, as may naturally be the case where lawless men and explosive agents are allowed to be collected. When one considers how difficult, if not impossible, it is to keep a cork firm over Irish energy after it has been raised to a murderous temperature, the wonder grows that the cities and towns of America were not oftener scenes of murders and demolitions, which, intended for the Old World,



boiled over, or went off at half cock, before they left the New. The little murderous incidents at and near Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's office have, however, supplied proofs that the volcanic action may prove dangerous even in the cradle of vengeance; and one may hope to hear shortly that the gangs and their arsenals have been hunted out and dispersed.

We think the Americans were very inconsiderate and very callous, not to say very spiteful, in allowing Rossa and his villainous gang to go on so long unchecked and even unproved. We can see plainly enough what ought to be done when we are in danger ourselves. But how did we act when the French made against us exactly the same kind of complaint that we have since been making against the Americans? Gangs of miscreants were endeavoring to assassinate the French emperor and to create anarchy in France. They dared not hatch their plots and devise their murders on the other side of the Channel, so they came to England to plot and prepare. Louis Napoleon knew this, and remonstrated with our government. Lord Palmerston, then prime minister, saw that our hospitality was being abused, and that we were lending ourselves as a convenience to the agents of crime and confusion. He accordingly introduced into the House of Commons a bill making the practices of these desperadoes penal—a very moderate, reasonable bill, such as we should much like the Americans to enact on our behalf now. But our Commons had no patience at all with the proposal—they being in this instance not the objects but the shelter of the criminals. They grandly threw out the bill, and along with it they turned out Lord Palmerston. That way of dealing with such a proposal seemed to them at that time the right, honorable, and truly English one. We see things differently when our own withers are wrung. It was not, however, against the Americans that we sinned; and they, fortunately, are now likely to act towards us in a spirit more liberal than formerly. There is also a little improvement in our mode of dealing with these wholesale destroyers at home. There seems to be a growing conviction that the "cat" may be justly and beneficially applied to the backs of these dynamitard villains; and our lawyers have discovered that we may, without fresh legislation, make many of the explosions capital offences. One or two hangings and one or two floggings may be expected to produce very deterrent

effects on our conspirators. I only trust that when any of them come to be hanged, the finishers of the law will be able to turn them off, and will really make a finish. It is too scandalous that, in this mechanical age, an abandoned scoundrel should escape from "edge of penny cord" because the drop on which he was perched would not answer to the hangman's efforts.

#### PENALTIES AND ASSIZE GOSSIP; WITH A LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

THOUGH, as I have said, the wisdom seems to be perceived among us of sentencing workers in dynamite to the lash and to the cord, yet it is certain that we are a long way from adopting death or flogging as a punishment for ordinary offences. Indeed we have well-nigh restricted legal punishment to imprisonment of some kind. Now it seems likely that before very long serious difficulties may be interposed between the law's victims and their imprisonment. A case has recently occurred wherein a first-class misdemeanant has had a considerable portion of his confinement remitted, on the plea that the punishment was injuring his health. Probably it was. Confinement, in most cases, does not improve condition; the popular belief is, that it was never intended to do so. And up to this time most of us have been under the impression that a prisoner must take his chance of the effect on his health of expiating his offence, for expiated it must be. Without passing any reflection on what has occurred (for I am not acquainted with the representations which moved the secretary of state to pity), I feel certain that

"Twill be recorded for a precedent,

and that prisoners will naturally be very quick to put forward certificates that their health is being destroyed, in order to escape part of their sentences. It is to be presumed that favor will not in this matter be shown to any individual or to any class of culprits—therefore that tickets of debility or disease will be just as much sought after as tickets-of-leave.

When I first began to think of this matter, it appeared to me to be purely and entirely an innovation; but upon consideration, I find that remission on the ground of low physical condition has in past time been allowed, though not in reference to the punishment of imprisonment. When, in the military services of older days, a

man was sentenced to corporal punishment, the doctor always watched the infliction of the "cat," and could stop the chastisement if he found that it was exceeding the sufferer's physical power of endurance. The same rule which held in these cases—viz., that a sentence which was not intended to result in death or permanent injury should not be carried out to the extent of producing either of those results—may be applied not unreasonably to cases of imprisonment. But then arises the question, How are transgressors who cannot endure imprisonment without a serious breakdown of constitution to be punished at all? We shall either have to let them escape their penalties on the ground of delicacy, or to invent a new punishment, the infliction of which will not be confined to able-bodied, vigorous prisoners. A great number of our criminals are, it is to be suspected, not physically strong. Of course we must not for a moment think of letting them all loose on society, and allowing them to commit crime with impunity. Yet, on the other hand, what is to be done with them? Shall we have sanatory retreats with pleasaunces attached, sheets of water for boating, and horses and carriages for enjoying the air? Three months in such seclusion would make an agreeable and salutary change from the treadmill; and if this relaxation were resorted to once a year, or perhaps oftener, offenders of any degree of delicacy might with such aid contrive to serve out their time. Or shall we look for some grief that shall be sharper for the moment, but of shorter duration? A rogue who should be pronounced incapable of enduring twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor, might be strong enough to stand a few hours in the pillory or to be branded. One hardly likes to pursue this train of thought farther, until opinion shall have ripened somewhat; but it really looks as if, modern penal inventions proving inapplicable, we were to be driven back upon some of the tender mercies of the Middle Ages. Levity apart, we shall have to devise speedily punishments which can *with certainty* be inflicted. Those which there is a fair chance of evading on the plea of failing health, genuine or pretended, will altogether lose their deterrent effect; for every knave will think himself clever enough to get the length of the doctor's foot, and so run the chance of anything which does not promise to be more severe than "quod."

The law's inflictions have altered very

much within the period that I can recollect. I remember to have seen a man whipped in the market-place. I have seen a man in the stocks. I have seen and heard a man condemned to death for sheep-stealing, and remember one to have been hanged for robbery on the highway, and another for stealing a horse and committing sundry other thefts. Scarlett and Wilde in court are two figures whom I can recall with tolerable distinctness. The generation before mine remembered Erskine, and some of my friends of that generation had a good deal to say about him. I will repeat one anecdote. Erskine (I presume, after he had held, or while he was holding, office) was brought down to a country assize town to plead in some important case. Either there had been some uncertainty until the last about his being able to attend, or there had been some mismanagement, so that accommodation was not early secured for him. The place had but a limited quantity of disposable rooms; the earlier comers got possession of all these; and when the eminent counsel arrived, not a chamber could he procure at all—a chamber for hire, that is; but he did find where to lay his head, and more than that too. For a clergyman, who was head master of the grammar school, was quite shocked to hear of Erskine being so hardly put to it. So he invited him into his own house, and placed two or three of the best rooms at his disposal. The business lasted only a very few days, when Erskine, on departing, told his host that he hardly knew how adequately to thank him for his attention, and that he should be very happy if he ever found he had an opportunity of returning the favor. "You will have that, sir, before long, without doubt," answered the schoolmaster. "You are quite sure to become lord chancellor, and, by the time you are so I shall be very glad to give up teaching and to settle down in a living." Erskine was afraid there was no such glory in store for him as his entertainer anticipated, but he repeated his offer of service whatever station he might occupy. When he became chancellor the clergyman got his living. Whether Erskine gave it without reminder, or whether the parson had to ask for it, I cannot remember, but certainly the chancellor paid honestly and well for having been taken in and done for in his need.

Up to a little before my day there was always an assize ball; and the ceremonies observed in bringing the judges into town were, within my recollection, exceedingly

quaint. I have an account of them somewhere, and may possibly give it to *Maga's* readers on another occasion. I have not left myself space for it in the present paper; but I will mention, before I forget it again, the resistance to serving the office of high sheriff which was persistently and successfully offered for many years by an eccentric old squire. He cared little for the honor and glory of the shrievalty, and objected most earnestly to the trouble and expense, for he would have had to buy a state carriage, set up a troop of retainers, and I know not what besides. On the other hand, there was a fine of, as I think, £500 for not serving the office, if once nominated to it. The problem therefore, for the old character, was to avoid serving the office, and avoid paying the fine. This he solved very effectually by giving notice to the officers who named the magnates from whom the sheriff would be selected, that if made sheriff he would serve. "But as sure as you live," he added, "I'll go with a wain and oxen to meet the judges, and my people shall come in smock-frocks, with forks in their hands." Everybody was convinced that he would do as he threatened; they did not dare to commit the honor of the county to such hands; and he went down to the grave a very old man, without having been ever troubled to execute the office of chief magistrate.

And now, by a glance at the clock, I learn that I must give over my musings, and betake myself elsewhere. By the way, is it now a decreed method that we are to change the small hours of our afternoons into teens and twenties? If so, who is to bring about the alteration, and for whose benefit is it to be done? I quite fail to perceive what gain there can be in marking the dial with XVI.'s and XXIV.'s, or in talking of twenty-one o'clock, to compensate for the wrench which our habits will suffer in renaming the afternoon and evening hours. We shall be spared the trouble of writing A.M. and P.M. when we specify the time of day, and we shall avoid the confusion which might possibly arise from omission to insert these abbreviations; in return, we shall have a cumbersome method of notation. Surely the old style has not been found so inconvenient that a new one is imperatively called for! For my part, I have run through a large number of years without ever coming to thirteen o'clock, and I could be well content to live out my span without being ever taught by proud science to stray to that numerator of time.

We can see how the world wags quite as well with small numbers as with mouth-filling ones, and the tale which hangs thereby will be as impressive in units as in dozens. When it was necessary to alter the reckoning of years, those who understood the matter submitted to inconvenience with a good grace, and kept Epiphany on what would have been Christmas day, because there had been really an error in the old style. But there is no error in reckoning the twelve hours twice in the astronomical day; and all I have to say is, that — well, I can't say all that is in my heart just now, for if I do I shall inevitably miss my train.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;

For man is man, and master of his fate."

— *Enid.*

#### CHAPTER I.

##### A HIGHLAND HOME-COMING.

FIRST-class travellers are rare in the month of June on the western and wilder section of the great West of Scotland Railway. The season of tourists is not yet; and sportsmen seldom begin to straggle northwards before the second week of August. Through three-fourths of the year the company must rely for dividends or debenture interest on its goods traffic — carrying cattle and sheep, herring barrels, and wire fencing, with miscellaneous trifles of the kind. As for Auchnadarroch station, which is situated at the head of Strathoran, the station-master, metaphorically as well as physically, is one of the biggest men in the north country. Dressed in a deal of brief authority, he has the satisfaction of patronizing the country-folks who travel by the trains; he is toadied in the summer by innocent Cockneys, helplessly eager for direction and advice; and he may simultaneously indulge his indolence and fussiness by managing to make an infinite ado about nothing. Save a lonely shooting-lodge or two, a couple of mansees, and the residence of Glenconan, there is nothing in the shape of a gentleman's house within a radius of some score of miles; and although the MacTavish Arms and posting establishment stands within a short gunshot of the station, in those opening

days of June it has barely taken down its shutters.

So it was all the stranger that, one bright afternoon in June, the station should be the scene of unwonted excitement. The platform, usually left to be cleansed by the rains and winds, was swept and garnished; the porter had taken his hands out of the pockets of his corduroys; the station-master was standing at attention, and in close conversation with an elderly Highlander in homespun; while the smoke of the train was visible in the middle distance, as it came sobbing and puffing up the stiff incline. The cause of the excitement might be explained by a carriage that had pulled up on the shingle sweep before the pine-built porch of the little booking-office. It was a wagonette of teak, with a pair of smart chestnut cobs — one and the other strong, low, and serviceable; while the well-set-up driver had a certain style about him that savored rather of the Parks and Piccadilly than of Ross-shire.

"And as I was saying to you, Mr. Ferguson," drawled the Highlander in homespun, "this will be a great day for Glenconan."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Ross — I do not doubt it," replied the other, motioning away with an affable wave of the arm the tender of the Highlander's snuff-mull. He was excited, and could not help showing it, though he prided himself on the serenity of his deportment. "We do what we can; but man's powers are limited, and we must have resident proprietors if we are to develop the local traffic."

Donald Ross rumped up his shaggy eyebrows. He was a fine specimen of the elderly hillman — as tall as the station-master, and far more muscular. Hard-looking and weather-beaten, he seemed to have worked away, in a long life among the hills, all superabundant flesh from his bone and sinew. Though his Saxon was serviceable, like the cobs, he was not strong in it; he failed to catch the meaning of the station-master, and he struck back into his own line of thought.

"Ay, more resident gentlemen, as you were saying, will be a great thing; and it will be a great thing for Glenconan when we have one of the 'Glenconans' among us again. I'm thinking he will be turning Corryvreckan and Glengoy into deer; and 'deed these shepherd-men are just one of the plagues of Egypt that the minister would be speaking about the former Sabbath-day."

Meanwhile the train was approaching,

and at last it drew up at the platform. Three gentlemen got out of a first-class carriage. The station-master received them cap in hand, with an obsequiousness significant of the solemnity of the occasion. As for Donald, he slightly lifted his deer-stalker bonnet, and pulled shyly at a grizzled forelock; but his grey eyes gleamed with such a soft satisfaction as you may see in a friendly collie gratified by the home-coming of his master.

The foremost of the three, who naturally took the lead, was a hale veteran of about sixty or somewhat more, cast very much in the manly mould of the keeper. His dress was almost as rough, though carefully put on; but there was no possibility of mistaking him for anything but a gentleman: and if his face was beaming with excitement and good-humor, he was nevertheless the sort of man you would have been sorry to quarrel with. There was energy of purpose in the features, that were high and even harsh, as in the flash of the keen grey eyes; with a touch of sarcastic resolution about the corners of the firm mouth. His companions, who kept themselves modestly in the background, were boys in comparison. One of them might have come of age a year or two before; the other was some half-dozen years his senior.

The elderly gentleman acknowledged the salutation of the station-master with a nod, and a quick look that seemed to read the man through and dispose of him. But his greeting to Donald was cordiality itself as he held out the muscular hand, which the other evidently had expected.

"And so you're here, are you, Mr. Ross, instead of upon Funachan; and this is the way you've been looking after the deer in my absence."

Donald grinned a width of welcome like the breaking of a blaze of sunshine after a thunderstorm over the waters of the neighboring Lochconan.

"And 'deed it was very little of the deer that I was thinking of to-day, Glenconan, — though I might possibly have been speaking of them to the station-master here," he added conscientiously. "And it's a pity but there was your piper to give you your welcome; but Peter has been palsied since the Martinmas before last — and short in the wind, moreover. And how have you been keeping, sir; and how was Miss Grace?"

"Exceedingly well, and all the better for the thought of coming home. I can answer for myself, and I can answer for her too. As for Miss Grace, you will see

her here in a few days, and then she can speak for herself, which she is very well able to do. And now, Donald, lend a hand with the luggage, will you? I long to be off, and up the glen."

As for the luggage, it was light enough. The heavy baggage had been forwarded a few days before. In the twinkling of an eye the wagonette was packed; the porter, exulting over a generous tip, was looking forward to a pleasant evening in the bar of the MacTavish Arms; and Donald sat perched beside the stylish coachman, watching the start of the impatient cobs.

There are few finer drives in the picturesque western Highlands than that down the broad strath of the Bran and up the romantic valley of the tributary Conan. The comparatively open character of the pastoral scenery in the former valley is a fitting approach to the more gloomy grandeur of the other. Dipping into Strathoran, after some of the more savage landscapes through which you have passed in the train, you might pronounce the country almost tame. The river meanders among gently sloping green hills, strewn here and there with stones, and crested with heather. From the level of the carriage-road you seldom catch a glimpse of the towering summits of any of the noble giants in the background; but at the "meeting of the waters," where the Conan joins the Bran, the scenery changes its character altogether. Entering the side-gorge, where the shadows gather even at noon, we leave softness and light for sternness and desolation. The swift black rush of the Conan, which has been pent for a space between beetling cliffs, pitches itself in the exuberance of sudden release over a brawling and foaming waterfall. The eddies of the deep, dark pool below confound themselves with the reflected blackness of interlacing fir boughs. As for the road, it has been roughly yet shrewdly engineering along the sloping ledges of the cliffs that hang between the hills and the river. It is a safe enough ascent, for the gradients are broad though steep, but a dangerous place to drive down under any circumstances; for it is only fenced on the river-side by an occasional upright stone in the Alpine fashion, and its gravel is apt to be washed and mined by the side rills flowing across it from a succession of trickling cascades.

The elder of the two young men had never visited the glen before. In silent admiration, with a rapt look in his soft hazel eyes, he hung over the side of the wagonette as it swayed slightly towards

the Conan, and gazed down into the depths of the abyss. The elderly gentleman, who sat by him on the front seat, drew long breaths of profound satisfaction; and yet the very next moment you would have said that his face had slightly clouded. At least so it seemed to strike the youngest of the three, whose quick eyes, that caught everything above and below, were suddenly attracted by the other, and watched him curiously. Not for long, however. If he thought his host had an abiding care, that must only have been a foolish fancy; and what, indeed, could be more improbable?

David Moray, the lord of those barren grandeurs of Glenconan, was at last realizing the cherished dream of his life. He was returning a rich man to the paternal property, which he had only visited at rare intervals since he inherited it; and to the shootings, which had been leased till last year to a southern banker. Now he might hope to end his days there in peace, if the dregs of life would only run kindly. He was a sportsman born; he had come back to a paradise of sport; and though his life had been passed in tropical climates, he was as hale and sound of constitution as any man of his years could hope to be.

He could be a boy still in the light exuberance of his spirits; and nothing keeps a man so fresh as perennial boyhood. If he had been coming home to Glenconan, as he used to come, for the holidays, he could hardly have thrown himself more heartily into the happy excitement of the hour. As the road extricated itself from the bosky entanglements of the shaggy gorges, and swept down into a smiling stretch of mountain meadows, he stood up in the carriage, though sorely puzzled to keep his feet; for the wagonette, as it dashed downwards with locked wheels, was rocking about like a boat among the lake billows in a fresh north-easter. But it was not for nothing that Moray had so often taken the Overland route, to say nothing of weathering the Cape. And now that he was fairly and finally homeward bound, in the "kent face" of each peak and ridge he saw the features of some familiar friend of his childhood.

"Fine weather to-morrow, Donald, though of course that old glass of yours is at 'stormy' as usual; for there is the cloud-belt on the sides of Funachan: had the hill been wearing his nightcap, it would have been another matter altogether. I say, Jack, do you see that purple patch on the shoulder—there, away to the right of the gap, and just over the



birch stump?—you should have been with me the last evening I shot there with my tenant, when we found the coveys lying like stones, though they had been wild as hawks elsewhere all through the day. Please the Fates, we'll have bloodshed there in August. And when you go out for sketches, what do you think of that for a subject?—the pool, I mean, with the grey rock, like a chapel gable rising out of the water. And if Leslie is looking for a spot where he may indulge himself in dreaming and poetry, that bank of bracken under the birches there ought to suit him down to the ground—if we dare to talk of ground, indeed, in connection with any scene so ethereal."

In the further miles of unmeasured Highland road that led on to the old house of Glenconan, the face and spirits of its lord and master seemed to answer to the changes of the weather and the scenery. It was a fine day—a very fine day; but there were a few fleecy and drifting clouds flitting occasionally across the heavens, and now and again some jutting angle of rock would cast a streak of blackness across the brightness of the road. So Moray's face would from time to time be shadowed by some darker or sadder thought, which seemed barely to touch it in passing. But when the wagonette pulled up before the door of the mansion, he was the kindly Highland host, overflowing with hospitality and natural pride in an ancestral seat, standing on a site which had been the home of his family for generations.

The house of Glenconan was plain and unpretending enough, and yet its surroundings gave it infinite charm. The feudal, or rather the patriarchal keep, had been blown up in the '45 with certain spare powder-casks that were embarrassing the march of the "red soldiers," although its foundations were still to be seen on an adjacent knoll, overgrown with the ground-ivy struggling through the thick beds of bracken. As for the modern mansion, as we said, it was neither imposing nor very commodious; although it ran to a considerable number of small bedrooms and garrets, which seemed to have been elbowed aside by the rambling passages. It was built in the modern mediæval Scottish fashion, with a couple of receding wings, connected with the main body or *corps de logis* by semicircular corridors. It was whitewashed, or "harled," as they say in the north; and its staring and sadly expressionless face was toned down by neither creepers nor

climbers. But then the situation was simply enchanting. It stood on a gentle slope, facing towards the sunny quarter of the south-west. Before it, lawns of the richest and softest green, watered by the rain-storms and the perpetual flying showers, ran down to Lochconan. And the lake lay sparkling like a gem in its mountain setting, changing colors with the changing hues of the sky, from sapphire to emerald, and from emerald to black onyx. Around three-fourths of its broken circumference the little loch was girdled by swelling knolls—winding bays receded till they were lost to sight among oaks, and pines, and the copses of weeping birches. On the opposite shore was a wall of sheer precipice, where a pair of peregrine falcons had nested from time immemorial, in an accessible rift far above among the rocks. When letting the shootings, there had always been an understanding that these old friends of the family were to be sacred from the gun. But the great feature of Lochconan was its heronry, on the haunted isle of St. Gilzean. The sainted missionary, who was said to have dipped hundreds of pagan Celts in the waters of his blessed spring, had subsequently received the crown of martyrdom at the hands of his ungrateful proselytes. Since then he had been in the habit of "walking" to a surprising extent—considering that his life during his latter years had been sedentary. Not a man in Glenconan or the adjoining parishes would have set foot upon the island for all the world after dusk. It may be that the silvery forms of the birds, floating ghost-like in the gloaming through the stems of the larches, had something to do with the perpetuation of the legend. And a pretty kind of poetry they added to the loch, in the presence of their silent, shadowy shapes, standing motionless but wide awake in the shallows through the day, on the lookout for unwary trout or minnows.

Behind the house and the kennels the ground rose rapidly. The steep home paddocks, where the shaggy shooting-ponies ran loose, were skirted by shrubberies of evergreens, backed up by thickets of pine; and as the heather shot up through the rough herbage, so the green of the enclosures and the lower hills was studded with rich masses of purple. Roughly traced paths, softly carpeted here and there by the thick fall of the fir needles, wound through the columns of the firs, or lost themselves among the birch clumps and the alder thickets. Thence

they emerged on the barer steeps above, where they zigzagged upwards from side to side across the rocky beds of a couple of mountain brooks—streamlets or torrents according to the weather. And each of the light rustic bridges—each tiny bit of jutting cliff projecting through the trailing and gnarled fir roots—seemed to open some new and enchanting point of view up to the cloudland that capped the confusion of mountains.

But more than enough of description for the time, though, if I have bored my readers, the memories of Glenconan are my best excuse. Strolling about before dinner, Moray did the honors of the place to his young friends; and if eloquent admiration be the sincerest flattery, he had no reason to be dissatisfied. Though the Highland air had sharpened their appetites, he had to remind them, more than once, that it was high time to dress. Leslie, who was naturally rather taciturn, said little; but he lingered as if loath to tear himself away from the scenes where each changing impression seemed invariably a change for the better. As for Jack Venables, he jumped about like a young chamois, in the sheer exuberance of his animal spirits, at the risk of a broken neck, or, at all events, of a sprained ankle. And his gay exhilaration gratified the older man far more than the self-contained appreciation of the other. Moray had a fellow-feeling for the headlong nature which would be doing or even suffering rather than be still.

It was to Venables that he turned more naturally during the dinner, if he showed himself more ceremoniously hospitable to Leslie. But after all, they got on very well together; and when the cloth was removed in the good old fashion, and the decanters placed on the polished mahogany, it would have been hard to find three happier gentlemen anywhere between the Solway Firth and the Shetland Isles.

"I like your dining-room, sir, almost as much as your hills," remarked Mr. Venables, surveying the former serenely over a bumper of claret; "and you'll agree with me, that is saying a good deal in its favor."

Mr. Moray did agree, and smiled complacently. Indeed Jack Venables could hardly have been suspected of flattery, and connoisseurs in very various styles of art might have expressed unmitigated approval. The room was unpretentious like the house—long, out of proportion to its breadth, and by no means lofty. But it had been turned into such a sylvan

hall as might have suited the retreat of a Lord of the Isles or a Lady of the Lake. The trophies of the chase that profusely adorned the vestibule had overflowed into the dining-room. The walls were adorned with noble stags' heads, interspersed with those of roe-deer and grinning wildcats. To each was attached a brief obituary notice, and the inscriptions dated back for a couple of generations and more. Even tenants of the Glenconan shootings had taken a pride in leaving some of the choicest of their spoils near the scenes where they had won them—the more so that each of the sportsmen left his name as well as a memory behind him. The golden eagle was setting in aerial dance to the osprey, which spread her wings in act to soar above the sideboard; and beneath these, a grizzled badger was snarling at an otter about to take a header off a moss-grown ledge. There were trout and salmon rods, and racks for guns and rifles in the corners, and a fair show of somewhat grim family portraits to boot. So far, the decorations, though you certainly could not call them commonplace, were what might have been seen in any Highland gentleman's halls. But then, by way of contrast, there glittered on the sideboard a mixed service of massive and curious plate—wine-coolers, tankards, salvers, and epergnes, of many dates and countries, and of the most artistic workmanship; for Moray had a fancy that way, and his fancies had generally been gratified. A century and a half before, the mere rumor of so much portable wealth would have set all the clansmen and caterans by the ears between Lorne and Lochaber.

Jack Venables looked about him and went on: "I like the silver, I must say, even more than the stags' heads. There now! I was sure I should startle you both; but you need not look so scandalized, my dear Leslie. I'm not altogether so covetous as you might suppose, and a man may admire those magnificently chased salt-cellars, for example, without having the soul either of a pawnbroker or of a Benvenuto Cellini. But I like them chiefly for all they mean. Had Glenconan lived his life in his native glen, we should have seen nothing on his walls save the antlers and his ancestors. Moreover, I may venture to remark, parenthetically, that I doubt whether we should have had Lafitte like this on the table. Now stalking deer in Glenconan is grand sport in its way; but to be content with that, we should be born to the ambition, like Don-

ald the keeper. The tankards, etc., are the veritable trophies that are worth the winning; for they mean energy and adventure, and the excitement of success — the only things that make life worth the living. If I know myself, I'm nothing of a visionary: I believe in the blessings of riches, and realize their anxieties too, as much as anybody; but I should be sorry all the same to have been born to a fortune — to a great fortune, that is to say. Of course I should go steadier as well as quicker if I had a certain amount of bullion to ballast me. Now all that silver means to me the romance of an extremely agreeable existence. Our Uncle Moray there has had far more than his fair share of success and fun; and if he died tomorrow, he has every reason to be contented. There are not many men who have had the luck to find their way to wealth through jungles and spice-gardens — through *cordons* of Chinese junks and fleets of Malay proas. Why, even in the way of recreation and sport, tiger-shooting must be decidedly preferable to deer-stalking, though it is fortunate that Donald does not hear me blaspheming. But hit or miss, lose or win, you may depend upon it, Master Leslie, that excitement is everything, or pretty nearly so. Whether we are to carry off the stakes or no, at least we are sure of the pleasures of the game."

Leslie smiled good-humoredly at his companion's long-winded rhapsody. As for Moray, though the young man had merely spoken in the light exhilaration of a restless and generous spirit, had he laid himself out to flatter and please his senior, he could hardly have succeeded more thoroughly. Moray had himself been ardent and enthusiastic, though with an eminently practical bent of mind and a resolute determination of purpose. He, too, had delighted in adventure in his time, and the ancient fires were still glowing in their ashes. He had loved bold speculations for their own sake — and the better that there was a spice of danger in them. And besides that, there was something in Venables's careless talk, in the readiness to welcome trials which might turn to temptations, that helped to reconcile himself to his past, and to soothe certain doubts and regrets which had been casting their shadows across his happiness. It pleased him, too, to remember that money meant power — that he could give his sprightly young nephew the helping hand he wanted; and, moreover, other vague ideas regarding him began to

take form and consistency. The faculty of reading the minds of other men is a gift that might be fatal or helpful, according to circumstances or temperaments. It is certain, at least, that it would work a social revolution, and upset all the existing arrangements of Providence. As it was, Mr. Venables had been rattling on in utter heedlessness, and he never guessed how far his chatter might have a grave influence on his fortunes. And so the three, after a pleasant evening, went to bed, unconscious of all that was meant to them by that merry meeting at Glenconan.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### A BREAK-NECK SHOOTING EXPEDITION.

WE say emphatically that June is the most enjoyable month in the Highlands, always supposing the weather to be conformable. And Highland weather is so capricious, that we may be lucky when we least expect it. There is no shooting in June — there is no deer-stalking. But then the fishing of all kinds should be in its very prime, which gives you a pretext for enjoying the glories of the scenery. The trees are in the freshest richness of their foliage; the grass is enamelled by the early wild-flowers; the bilberries, the crowberries, the cranberries, and many other berries, are putting out their brightest shoots; the bracken is bursting forth among the first bells of the foxgloves, — and as both of Glenconan's guests, in their different ways, were keen and even passionate admirers of nature, they never found the time hang heavy on their hands. Moray was vexed at the arrival of his daughter being delayed, owing to the indisposition of the lady who was to be her chaperon as far as Perth. But the young men were comparatively indifferent to the advent of the heiress, and only expressed a decent amount of sympathy. To tell the truth, being very happy as they were, they philosophically dreaded any change in the habits of the establishment. They did as they pleased; they went abroad when they liked; and though the dinner was a movable feast, depending on the hour of their return, the cook might be relied upon to come satisfactorily to time, independently of the hands of the clock. What with his fishing-rod and his sketch-book, Jack Venables could always make himself thoroughly contented. When the trout were rising freely, his basket filled rapidly; he could cast a fly to the approval of Donald himself, and under the

tuition of that skilful veteran he was rapidly being initiated in the special mysteries of mountain sport. When the trout were in no mood to take, whether in the loch, in the lakelets, or in the streams, he seldom cared to persevere, and fell back on his brushes and color-box. Excitement in one shape or another was everything to him. He had a rare facility of touch, a wonderful instinct for color; and the excitement he found in the ever-changing lights and scenes was unfailing. He was as happy in transferring a landscape bathed in sunshine and flecked with shadows to his block, as in switching the small brown trout over his shoulder; and his pulses beat nearly as quick to the lurid glories of a thundery sunset as when running a *Salmo ferox* on his trolling rod where the lake broke away into the rapids.

As for Leslie, he took his pleasures more contemplatively, though not more sadly. In rallying him about his love for poetry, Moray had touched his strength or his weakness. He was a born poet, in perpetual sympathy with the poetical sides of things, though, so far as the world knew, his poetry had hitherto found no expression. He might be born for great things, or he might have been born to dream away remarkable talents. In the mean time he could make himself placidly happy among the scenes which brought the exhilaration of enjoyment to his companion. No one could deny that there was a great deal in him. Not only had he had a distinguished career at the university, but he could generally say the right thing at the right moment, though his remark might be somewhat slow of coming; if he would hang over a repartee, it seldom missed fire, and there was pretty sure to be a playful snap in it when it did come. Nevertheless, superficial observers of natures antipathetical to his own, might have set him down for a muff or a prig, especially if they had made his acquaintance in Highland shooting quarters. He rarely handled a gun himself, though he liked to follow a shooting party. Made very much after the fashion of a young Henry VIII., his somewhat bulky and cumbrous person would have adapted itself with difficulty to the inequalities of difficult ground in following out an awkward stalk; and when he did essay to throw a fly, his line was apt to fall in coils upon the water. Conscious of his own shortcomings, he neither cared to correct them nor to court failure. But he would lie on the bank for hours, watching Venables at work, his handsome features flushing over a struggle and

a success; while in the intervals the thoughts that were wandering far away found ample occupation for his fertile fancy.

But a day came, in the second week of their sojourn, when the mercurial Venables felt bored, and he did not scruple to confess it. The fine weather had broken; leaden clouds lay heavy on the bosom of Lochconan, veiling the view of the opposite cliffs. The rapid fall of the barometer gave warning of a violent storm, though as the fall had been sudden, the storm might be a passing one. As the little party were seated at breakfast, a peal of thunder seemed to burst among the chimney-pots and shake the room. Then discharge followed discharge in swift succession. The clouds were rent by the vivid flashes of the forked lightning; the rain came down in torrents, the big drops plumping in the sullen waters of the lake like showers of lead sent from the summit of a shot-tower. Then gusts of wind, sweeping in circles down from the mountains, succeeded to the preternatural calm; in places the lower half of the black cloud-curtain was lifted and blown aside, while it hung motionless as before in the shelter of the cliffs; and through gaps and rifts you caught glimpses of the hills, lighted luridly for some seconds by the fires of the lightning; while all the time the echoes were being awakened far and near, and ere one roar had died away in remote rumblings, another had come to swallow the distant mutterings. It was Byron's thunderstorm, and not much in miniature; and it was Venables, and not Leslie, who made the obvious quotation—

And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
etc.

It was a grand spectacle while the thunderstorm lasted, and Jack had every reason to be pleased with it. He strode up and down the room, returning perpetually to the windows. He rubbed his hands, and expressed unqualified admiration of the effects, till the solemnity of the disturbance oppressed even him, and he relapsed into silence in sympathy with his companions. But the thunderstorm passed away, though the rain continued to come down in torrents; and if he still paced the morning-room at intervals, he was chafing at the enforced confinement.

"You certainly are the most restless and impatient of mortals, Jack," remarked Moray good-naturedly. "Why, young man, if you cannot bear a single day's

rain, most assuredly you were never made for the Highlands."

"Not at all, sir — not at all," answered the other, laughing; "and you mistake my character altogether. I've a deal more of practical philosophy than you suppose, as I hope you may have many opportunities of remarking. If I knew we were in for a week of wet weather, Leslie himself could not take it with more serene acquiescence. But as the pigs are said to smell a gale, so I scent fine weather again, and I'm only surprised that it is so long of appearing."

Whether Venables had the weather instincts to which he pretended or not, as it happened, he was right on this occasion. The clouds did break towards evening; and moreover, there was every promise of a fine day on the morrow. He observed in the smoking-room, after dinner, and apropos to nothing in particular,

"I mean to go on an exploring expedition to-morrow, to Lochrosque and the Braes of Balgarroch."

"And I must say that you choose your time well," returned Moray, with a smile that was half kindly and half sarcastic. "Why, every one of the burns will be coming down in spate, and the peat-bogs will be holding the rain like so many sponges."

"And that, my dear uncle, is the very reason, or partly the reason. There will be no fishing till the rain runs off a bit; and I want exercise and excitement after the day's imprisonment. The streams will be flooded, it is true; but surely one can 'walk' or wade them somehow; and if the bogs be like sponges, as you say, why, my muscles want stretching."

"Stretched they will be, or strained or sprained; we should have to fetch you home ignominiously on the back of a shooting-pony, and then you might have a chance of practising patience through a protracted term of confinement. No, my good boy, be guided by me. Go in for a walk to-morrow, by all means, but don't attempt the innermost recesses of our dark continent."

But if there was one thing on which Venables prided himself, it was in sticking to a pet scheme he had originated.

"Of course, if you put your veto on it, sir, I have nothing more to say; but even if there were a dash of risk in the expedition, as there is none, I know you would be the last man to grudge me the fun of it."

"Well, well, my good boy, you must go your own way. I suppose the worst that can happen, after all, is your being knocked up after a mud bath in a moss-pit. Only, if you do go, you must be content to take one of the gillies. I send Donald to-morrow to Dingwall after some dogs."

"And the absence of Donald is half the battle. Not that I do not appreciate his society. I never met a fellow who was better company. But Donald is as much at home among his hills as a policeman on his beat in Pall Mall; and no exploration can be possible when one is in charge of a dry-nurse. But I shall take Peter, if you will allow me. I want a man to carry a rifle."

"Take Peter, and carry a rifle? Is the boy mad? Why, Peter knows nothing of the country, and is the dullest lout on the ground. And for the rifle, it would only be so much dead-weight, for I fancy you do not propose to kill one of my deer in June."

"Not exactly. But I have a notion that I may have a shot all the same,— always supposing I arrive at the end of my pilgrimage. And as for Peter, he is a fool, and as strong as a horse; and these are the qualities that recommend him to me as a follower. He will never feel the weight of the rifle, and will certainly not volunteer advice."

"Go your own way, as I said before," returned Moray, "and amuse yourself as you like. I have too much of the Highland hospitality to put restraint on a guest, even if he do happen to be crack-brained and a nephew of my own. Only remember, I wash my hands of all responsibility, and we refuse to wait dinner."

Leslie laughed, and chimed in, —

"Don't say 'we,' sir, when you talk of dinner. I cast in my lot with Jack Venables, always supposing he has no objection."

"Not in the least, my dear fellow — not in the least! I should have asked you, on the contrary, to accompany me, but I did not care to put the screw on. With you for a companion, and the worthy Peter for a beast of burden, I consider the expedition to be perfectly equipped. And whatever be the case with me, your exertions ought to reward you. There must be matter for a baker's dozen of lyrics among the mists and braes of Balgarroch."



From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE SUN'S CORONA.

STRAIGHT are the gates and narrow are the ways by which the motions which come to us from what is without can reach our consciousness. Of the many octaves of vibrations which go forth from such a body as the sun, not more than one octave can so affect our eyes as to result in sight. Further, the very conditions of sight forbid us to see, even with the aid of instruments, those smaller parts of nature of which all things are built up, and upon which their properties depend. We cannot become spectators of atoms and molecules. Considered under this aspect of things our eyes are dull, not keen. A like limitation holds true of our other senses. But besides this excessive straitness of the gates of our consciousness there exist many external barriers about us; we are walled around. The external barrier which concerns us chiefly now presents itself in the circumstances in which we find ourselves in relation to all nature outside the earth.

We live at the bottom of a deep ocean of air, and therefore every object outside the earth can only be seen by us as it looks when viewed through this great depth of air. Professor Langley has shown recently that the air mays, colors, distorts, and therefore misleads and cheats us to an extent much greater than was supposed. He considers that the light and heat absorbed and scattered by the air, and the minute particles of matter floating in it, amount to no less than forty per cent. of the light falling upon it. In consequence of this want of transparency, and of the presence of finely divided matter always more or less suspended in it, the air when the sun shines upon it becomes itself a source of light. Professor Langley says:—

Roughly speaking, we may say that we receive on the average at the sea level as much light from the sky as we do from the sun itself; getting more light from the sun at midday than from the sky, but more in the morning and afternoon from the sky than from the sun. All my investigations, whether through observations at the sea level or at an altitude of nearly 15,000 feet, lead me to believe it probable that the mean absorption of light (and of heat also) by our atmosphere is at least double that which is customarily estimated, and also to conclude that fine dust particles, both near the surface and at a great altitude, play a more important part in this absorption, both general and selective, than has been hitherto supposed.\*

\* *American Journal of Science*, September, 1884.

This illuminated ærial ocean necessarily conceals from us, by overpowering them, any sources of light less brilliant than itself which are in the heavens beyond. From this cause the stars are invisible at midday. If the air could be withdrawn, then the heavens above us, even at noon-day, would be black, except as they were spangled by the brighter stars, and were illuminated by the clustering smaller stars and nebulae which are not separately visible to us.

The illuminated air also conceals from us certain surroundings and appendages of the sun which become visible on the very rare occasions when the moon coming between us and the sun cuts off the sun's light from the air where the eclipse is total, and so allows the observer to see the surroundings of the sun through the cone of unilluminated air which is in shadow. It is only when the aerial curtain of light is thus withdrawn that we can become spectators of what is taking place on the stage beyond. The magnificent scene never lasts more than a few minutes, for the moon passes, and the curtain of light is again before us. On an average, once in two years this curtain of light is lifted for from three to six minutes. It is not needful to say how difficult it is from these glimpses at long intervals even to guess at the plot of the drama which is being played out about the sun.

The purpose of this article is to give an account of a method of observation by which it is possible to overcome the barrier presented to our view by the bright screen of air, and, this bright screen notwithstanding, to watch from day to day the changing scenes taking place behind it in the sun's surroundings. The object of our quest is to be found in the glory of radiant beams and bright streamers intersected by darker rifts which appears about the sun at a total solar eclipse. The corona about the sun at these times is seen to possess, especially in the photographs taken at an eclipse, a structure of great complexity, which is indeed the more puzzling in its intricate arrangement of rays curved in different directions, and varying greatly in brightness and extent, because, though we seem to have a flat object before us, the corona exists really in three dimensions. If we were dwellers in Flatland, and the corona were a kind of glorified catherine-wheel, the task of interpretation would seem less difficult. But as we are looking at an object having thickness as well as extension, the forms seen in the corona must be more or less

modified, according to their position in relation to the line of sight, by the effects of perspective. This consideration tells also that the increase of intrinsic brightness of the corona towards the sun's limb is much less than that of the apparent brightness, of which no inconsiderable part must be due to the greater extent of corona in the direction of sight as the sun is approached. We know from the strongly diverse appearances which the corona has presented at different eclipses that the corona has not a permanent structure, but is an object subject to great, and probably continual, change. These particulars will suffice to show how true are the words of Professor Young: "Unless some means be found for bringing out the structures round the sun which are hidden by the glare of our atmosphere, the progress of our knowledge (concerning them) must be very slow."

The previous attempts which have been made from time to time to observe the corona without an eclipse have been based mainly upon the hope that if the eye were protected from the intense direct light of the sky, and from all light other than from the sky immediately about the sun, then the eye might become sufficiently sensitive to perceive the corona. These attempts at producing an artificial eclipse have failed because it was not possible to place the screen where the moon comes, outside our atmosphere, and so keep in shadow the part of the air through which the observer looks. The latest attempts have been made by Professor Langley at Mount Etna, and at Mount Whitney, fifteen thousand feet high, and also by Dr. Copeland, astronomical assistant to Lord Crawford, on the Andes. Professor Langley says in a letter to the writer: "I have tried visual methods under the most favorable circumstances, but with entire non-success." Dr. Copeland observed at Puno, at a height of 12,040 feet. In his report he says: "It ought to be mentioned that the appearances produced by the illuminated atmosphere were often of the most tantalizing description, giving again and again the impression that my efforts were about to be crowned with success." There are occasions on which the existence of the brighter part of the corona may be visually detected without an eclipse. The brightness of the sky near the sun's limb is due to two distinct factors — the air-glare, and the coronal light behind it, which M. Janssen considers to be brighter than the full moon. When Venus comes between the earth

and the sun, it is obvious that the planet as it approaches the sun comes in before the corona, and shuts off the light which the corona sends to us. Now at such a time the observer sees the sky at the place behind which the planet is to be darker than the adjoining sky — that is to say, that the cutting off of the coronal light by the planet has caused a sensible diminution in the brightness of the sky at that spot. It follows certainly that the part of the sky about the sun behind which the corona is situated is in a small degree brighter than the adjoining parts; and very near the sun in a degree not far removed from the eye's power of distinguishing areas which differ by very small degrees of brightness. It would be perhaps not too much to say that the corona would be always visible when the sky is clear, if our eyes were more sensitive to small differences of illumination of adjacent areas. Mention should be made of one exception, unique so far as the writer knows: his friend Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., tells him that he is able to see the corona in a telescope of low power.

The spectroscopic method, now so well known, by which the bright prominences, or flames at the sun's limb, may be seen without an eclipse, fails for the corona, because a part only of the coronal light is resolved by the prism into bright lines, and of these lines no one is sufficiently bright and coextensive with the corona to enable us to see the corona by its light, as the prominences may be seen by the red, the blue, or the green line of hydrogen. The corona sends to us light of three kinds: (1) light which the prism resolves into bright lines and which has been emitted by luminous gas; (2) light which gives a continuous spectrum and which has come from incandescent liquid or solid matter; (3) reflected sunlight, which M. Janssen considers to form the fundamental part of the coronal light.

The problem to be solved was how to disentangle the light of the corona from the air-glare which is mixed up with it, or, in other words, how by some means to give such an advantage to the coronal light that it might be able to hold its own sufficiently against the air-glare for our eyes to distinguish the corona from the bright sky.

When the report reached this country in the summer of 1882 that photographs of the spectrum of the corona taken during the eclipse in Egypt showed that the coronal light at the earth, as a whole, is strong in the violet region of the spec-

trum, it occurred to the writer as probable that if by some method of selective absorption this kind of light were isolated, then, when viewed by this kind of light alone, the corona might be at a sufficient advantage relatively to the air-glare to become visible. Though this kind of light falls within the range of vision, the eye is less sensitive to small differences of illumination near this limit of its power. This consideration and some others led the writer to look to photography for aid, since it is possible by certain technical methods to accentuate the extreme sensitiveness of a photographic plate for minute differences of illumination. As an illustration it may be mentioned that a cardboard was painted with a picture of the corona with so thin a wash of Chinese white that it was invisible to the eye unless the card was held obliquely. A photograph taken from the card in front showed the painted corona strongly.

Such a cardboard represents the state of things in the sky about the sun. The painted corona is brighter than the cardboard, but our eyes, dull in this respect as compared with a photographic plate, fail to see it. In like manner the part of the sky near the sun, where the corona, so to speak, is painted—that is to say, where there is a background of corona—is brighter than the adjoining parts where there is no corona behind, but not in a degree sufficiently great for our eyes to detect the difference. One other consideration which tells strongly in favor of the use of photography is the enormous advantage which a photographic plate possesses over the eye, in that it can retain a permanent record of the most complex forms from an instantaneous exposure.

In his early experiments the writer obtained the necessary isolation of the violet light by interposing a screen of colored glass, or a cell containing a solution of potassic permanganate. The possibility of false light coming upon the sensitive plate from the glass sides of the bell, as well as from the precipitation due to the decomposition of the solution under the sun's light, led to the inquiry whether the necessary light-selection could not be obtained by some modification of the sensitive film. Captain Abney and others had shown that argentic bromide, iodide, and chloride differ greatly in the kind of light to which they are most sensitive. The chloride is most strongly affected by the kind of violet light in which the corona is rich. It was found possible by making use of this selective action of argentic

chloride to do away with the need of interposing an absorptive medium. To prevent false appearances from reflection from the second surface of the glass plate, technically known as halation, the back of the plate was covered with asphaltum varnish. Frequently a small metal disc, a little larger than the sun's image, was placed in front of the plate to cut off the sun's direct light from the sensitive surface. For several reasons, in order to produce upon the plate an image of the sun as free as possible from all instrumental imperfections, a mirror of speculum metal was employed. The first experiments were made with a fine Newtonian telescope, by Short, in the summer of 1882. About twenty plates were obtained, on which appearances resembling the corona were seen. From a critical examination of these plates, in which the writer was greatly helped by the kind assistance of Professor Stokes and Captain Abney, there seemed to be good ground to hope that the corona had really been obtained upon the plates.

In the following summer, 1883, the attack was carried on by means of a very perfect seven-foot Newtonian telescope made by Mr. Lassell, and kindly placed in the hands of the writer by the Misses Lassell. This instrument was so arranged that the image of the sun, formed by the great mirror, was thrown directly upon the plate, without undergoing reflection from a second small mirror, as is usually the case. Images of the sun exquisitely defined and free from all sensible trace of instrumental imperfections were obtained upon the plates. When the sky was free from clouds, but presenting a whiteness from a large amount of scattered light, on these days the sun's image was seen surrounded by uniform illumination, but without any sudden increase in the photographic action close about the sun. On the few occasions when the sky was clear and blue in color, then coronal appearances presented themselves with more or less distinctness. Of course, in our climate, on the most favorable days such appearances must be necessarily faint. The superiority of illumination, where there is a background of corona, is so small that any increase of development or exposure brings in strongly the air-glare.

Fortunately the occurrence of a total solar eclipse on the 6th of May furnished the opportunity of putting this new method to a crucial test, by the comparison of the coronal appearances on the writer's plates

with the photographs of the undoubtedly true corona which were taken at Caroline Island by Messrs. Lawrence and Woods, the photographers sent out by the Royal Society. On the day of the eclipse the weather was bad in this country, but plates taken before and after the eclipse were placed in the hands of Mr. Wesley, who is well known for his drawings from the photographs taken during former eclipses. Mr. Wesley drew from these plates before any information had reached this country as to the results obtained at Caroline Island: he was, therefore, wholly without bias in the drawings which he made from them. When these drawings were afterwards compared with the Caroline Island plates, the general resemblance of the corona was unmistakable; but the identity of the object photographed in England and at Caroline Island was placed beyond a doubt by a remarkably formed rift on the east of the north pole of the sun, which is seen in the same position in the writer's plates and in those taken during the eclipse. This rift, slightly modified in form, was found to be present in a plate taken about a solar rotation period before the eclipse, and also on a plate taken about the same time after the eclipse.\* The permanence of this great rift as to its main features extended certainly over some months, but no information is afforded as to whether the corona rotates with the sun. For, from the times at which the writer's plates were taken — one plate about a rotation period before, and the other a little over a rotation period after, the eclipse — it is obvious that the rift may have gone round with the sun, or it may have remained unaffected in position by the sun's rotation. There is no positive evidence on this point.

Though the plates which were obtained in England during the summer of 1883 appeared to be satisfactory to the extent of showing that there could remain but little doubt that the corona had been photographed without an eclipse, and therefore of justifying the hope that a successful method for the continuous investigation of the corona had been placed in the hands of astronomers, yet, as the photographs were taken under the specially unfavorable conditions of our climate, they were necessarily wanting in showing the details of the structure of the corona. The next step was obviously to have the method carried out at some place

of high elevation, where the large part of the glare which is due to the lower and denser parts of our atmosphere would no longer be present. A grant from the fund placed annually by the government at the disposal of the Royal Society was put into the hands of a committee appointed by the council of the Royal Society for this purpose. The committee selected the Riffel, near Zermatt, in Switzerland — a station which has an elevation of eighty-five hundred feet, and the further advantages of easy access and of hotel accommodation. The committee was fortunate in securing the services, as photographer, of Mr. Ray Woods, who, as assistant to Professor Schuster, had photographed the corona during the eclipse of 1882 in Egypt, and who, in 1883, in conjunction with Mr. Lawrence, had photographed the eclipse of that year at Caroline Island.

Mr. Woods arrived at the Riffel in July, 1884. Captain Abney, who had made observations on the Riffel in former years, had remarked on the splendid blue-black skies which were seen there whenever the lower air was free from clouds or fog. Unfortunately, during the last year or so, a veil of finely divided matter of some sort has been put about the earth, of which we have heard so much in the accounts from all parts of the earth of gorgeous sunsets and after-glows. This fine matter was so persistently present in the higher regions of the atmosphere that Mr. Woods did not get once a really clear sky. On the contrary, whenever visible cloud was absent, then, instead of a blue-black sky, there came into view a luminous haze, forming a great aureole about the sun, of a faint red color, which passed into bluish white near the sun. Mr. Woods found the diameter of this aureole to measure about  $44^\circ$ . This remarkable appearance about the sun has been seen all the world over during the summer of 1884, but always with greatest distinctness at places of high elevation. The relative position of the colors — blue inside and red outside — shows that the aureole is a phenomenon of diffraction produced by minute particles of matter of some sort. Mr. Ellery, Captain Abney, and some others consider this matter to be water in the form probably of minute spicules of ice; others consider this matter to consist of particles of volcanic dust which were projected into the atmosphere during the eruption at Krakatowa; but whatever it is, and whencesoever it came, it is most certainly matter in the wrong

\* See plates XI. and XI. A, British Association Report, 1883, p. 348.

place, so far as astronomical observations are concerned, and in a peculiar degree for the success of photographing the corona. Indeed, as science opens our eyes, we see the "mountain covered with horses and chariots of fire," but arrayed against us; hosts innumerable and invisible which lay siege to every pore. We are only beginning to learn the might and ever-presence of the powers of the air, and that in our persons and in our works it is by the invisibly minute chiefly that we are undone. So injurious was the presence of this fine matter in the upper air that photographs could not be obtained in England last summer which show the corona. The great diffraction aureole went far to defeat the object for which Mr. Woods had gone to the Riffel, but fortunately the great advantage of being free from the effects of the lower eight thousand feet of denser air told so strongly that, notwithstanding the ever-present aureole, Mr. Woods was able to obtain a number of plates on which the corona shows itself with more or less distinctness. But, in consequence of the presence of the aureole, the negatives show less detail than we have every reason to hope would have been the case if the sky had been as blue and clear as in some former years. This circumstance makes great care necessary in the discussion of these plates, and it would be premature to say what information is to be obtained from them.

The observations and photographs of the solar eclipses of the last twenty years show that, great as are the changes between different eclipses, the corona is substantially permanent about the sun in its most fundamental characteristics, the divers changes of form and relatively greater extension at certain parts being obviously but modifications introduced by altered circumstances of some kind. Besides these real changes in the corona itself — the state of the air at the time, the kind of sensitive surfaces employed, the length of exposure, whether the sun's image has been formed by a lens which shortens and enfeebles the extent of the ultra-violet light, or by a mirror which furnishes an image more nearly normal in the nature of the light existing in it — all these instrumental and technical conditions affect in no small degree the appearance which the photographed image of the corona presents upon the plate. A peculiarity of form, consisting of the greater relative extension of the corona in the equatorial direction, was observed during

the eclipse of 1878, and the suggestion has been put forward that this peculiarity of greater equatorial extension was connected with the then comparative state of inactivity of the sun's surface, at a minimum sun-spot period, especially as equatorial extension was observed in the corona at the eclipse of 1867.

The principal hypotheses which have been put forward as to the nature of the corona are six in number:—

1. The corona consists of a gaseous atmosphere resting upon the sun's surface, and carried round with it.
2. The corona is made up, wholly or in part, of gaseous and finely divided matter which has been ejected from the sun, and is in motion about the sun under the forces of ejection, the sun's rotation, and gravity, and even possibly by a repulsive force of some kind.
3. The corona resembles the rings of Saturn, and consists of swarms of meteoric particles revolving with sufficient velocity to prevent their falling into the sun.

4. The corona is the appearance presented to us by the unceasing falling into the sun of meteoric matter and the *débris* of comets' tails.

5. The coronal rays and streamers are, at least in part, meteoric streams strongly illuminated by their near approach to the sun, neither revolving about nor falling into the sun, but permanent in position, and varying only in richness of meteoric matter, which form part of eccentric comet-orbits — a view which has been supported by Mr. Proctor on the ground that there must be such streams crowding richly together in the sun's neighborhood.

6. The view of the corona suggested by Sir William Siemens in his solar theory.\*

It has been suggested even that the corona is so complex a phenomenon that there may be an element of truth in every one of these hypotheses. Anyway, this enumeration of hypotheses, more or less mutually destructive, shows how great is the difficulty of explaining the appearances which present themselves at a total solar eclipse, and how little we really know about the corona.

An American philosopher, Professor Hastings, has revived a prior and altogether revolutionary question: Has the corona an objective existence? Is it anything more than an optical appearance arising from diffraction, not more real than the colors of a soap-bubble, or the

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1976, p. 299.



colored corona seen round a street lamp in a fog? Professor Hastings has based his revival of this long-discarded negative theory upon the behavior of a corona line which he saw, in his spectroscope, change in length east and west of the sun during the progress of the last eclipse at Caroline Island. His view appears to rest on the negative foundation that Fresnel's theory of diffraction may not apply in the case of a total eclipse, and that at such great distances there is a possibility that the interior of the shadow may not be entirely dark, and so to an observer may come the appearance of a bright fringe around the moon.

Not to speak of the recent evidence of the reality of the corona, from the photographs which have been taken when there is no intervening moon to produce the phenomena of diffraction, there is the adverse evidence afforded by the peculiar spectra of different parts of the corona, and by the complicated and distinctly peculiar structure seen in the photographs taken at eclipses. The crucial test of this theory appears to be, that if it be true, then the corona would be much wider on the side where the sun's limb is least deeply covered; that is to say, the corona would alter in width on the two sides during the progress of the eclipse. Not to refer to former eclipses, where photographs taken at different times, and even at different places, have been found to agree, the photographs taken during the eclipse at Caroline Island show no such changes. M. Janssen says: "Les formes de la couronne ont été absolument fixes pendant toute la durée de la totalité." The photographs taken by Messrs. Lawrence and Woods also go to show that the corona suffered no such alterations in width and form as would be required by Professor Hastings's theory during the passage of the moon.

We have, therefore, a right to believe in an objective reality of some sort about the sun corresponding to the appearance which is presented to us by the corona. At the same time, very small part of what we see must be due to a scattering of the coronal light itself by our air, but the amount of this scattered light over the corona cannot exceed, but must be in some degree less than, what is seen over the dark moon.

That the sun is surrounded by a true gaseous atmosphere of relatively limited extent there can be little doubt, but many considerations forbid us to think of an atmosphere which rises to a height that

can afford any explanation of the corona, which streams several hundred thousand miles above the photosphere. For example, gas at that height, hundreds or even thousands of times lighter than hydrogen, would have more than metallic density near the sun's surface — a state of things which spectroscopic and other observations show is not the case. The corona does not exhibit the rapid condensation towards the sun's limb which such an atmosphere would present, especially when we take into account the effect of perspective in increasing the apparent brightness of the lower regions of the corona. There is, too, the circumstance that comets have passed through the upper part of the corona without being burnt up, or even sensibly losing velocity.

There can scarcely be doubt that matter is present about the sun wherever the corona extends, and further, that this matter is in the form of a fog. But there are fogs and fogs. The air we breathe, when apparently pure, stands revealed as a dense swarm of millions of motes if a sunbeam passes through it. Such a fog even is out of the question. If we conceive of a fog so attenuated that there is only one minute liquid or solid particle in every cubic mile, there would still be matter enough, in all probability, to form a corona. That the coronal matter is of the nature of a fog is shown by the three kinds of light which the corona sends to us. Reflected solar light scattered by small particles of matter, liquid or solid; and, secondly, light giving a continuous spectrum, which tells us that these solid or liquid particles are incandescent; the third form of spectrum of bright lines, fainter and varying greatly at different parts of the corona, and at different eclipses shows the presence also of light-emitting gas. This gas existing between the particles need not necessarily form a true solar atmosphere, which the considerations already mentioned make an almost impossible supposition, for we may well regard this thin gas as carried up with the particles, or even to be to some extent furnished by them under the sun's heat.

Let us see first what probable origin can be ascribed to the coronal matter, and by what means it can find itself at such enormous heights above the sun. There is another celestial phenomenon very unlike the corona at first sight, which may furnish us possibly with a clue to an answer to these questions. The head of a large comet presents us with luminous

streamers, rifts, and curved rays which are not so very unlike, on a small scale, some of the appearances which are peculiarly characteristic of the corona.\* We do not know for certain the conditions under which these cometary appearances take place, but the hypothesis which seems on the way to become generally accepted attributes them to electrical disturbances, and especially to a repulsive force acting from the sun, possibly electrical, which varies as the surface, and not like gravity as the mass. A force of this nature in the case of highly attenuated matter can easily master the force of gravity, and, as we see in the tails of comets, blow away this thin kind of matter to enormous distances in the very teeth of gravity.

If such a force of repulsion is experienced in comets, it may well be that it is also present in the sun's surroundings. If this force be electrical it can only come into play when the sun and the matter subjected to it have electrical potentials of the same kind, otherwise the attraction on one side of a particle would equal the repulsion on the other. On this theory, coronal matter and the sun's surface must both be in the same electrical state, the repelled matter negative if the sun is negative, positive if the sun is positive. The grandest terrestrial displays of electrical disturbance, as seen in lightning and the aurora, must be of a small order of magnitude as compared with the electrical changes taking place in connection with the ceaseless and fearful activity of the sun's surface, but we do not know how far these actions, or the majority of them, may be in the same electric direction, or what other conditions there may be, so as to cause the sun to maintain a high electrical state, whether positive or negative. A permanence of electrical potential of the same kind would seem to be required by the phenomena of comets' tails.

If such a state of high electrical potential at the photosphere be granted as is required to give rise to the repulsive force which the phenomena of comets appear to indicate, then, considering the gaseous irruptions and fiery storms of more than Titanic proportions which are going on without ceasing at the solar surface, it does not go beyond what might well be, to suppose that portions of this matter, ejected to great heights above the photosphere, and often with velocities not far

removed from that which would be needed to set it free from the sun's attraction, and very probably in the same electric state as the photosphere, might so come under this assumed electric repulsion as to be blown upwards, and to take on forms such as those seen in the corona; the greatest distances to which the coronal streamers have been traced are small as compared with the extent of the tails of comets, but the force of gravity which the electric repulsion would have to overcome near the sun would be enormously greater. It is in harmony with this view of things that the portions of greatest coronal extension usually correspond with the spot-zones, where the solar activity is most fervent; and also that a careful examination of the structure of the corona suggests strongly that the forces to which this complex and varying structure is due have their seat in the sun. Matter repelled away from the sun would rise with the smaller rotational velocity of the photosphere, and then, lagging behind, would give rise to curved forms; besides, the forces of irruption and of subsequent repulsion might well vary in direction, and not be always strictly radial: under such circumstances a structure of the character which the corona presents might well result.

The sub-permanency of any great characteristic coronal forms — as, for example, the great rift on the east of the north pole of the sun, seen in a photograph of the Caroline Island eclipse, and also those taken in England a month before the eclipse, and about a month afterwards — must probably be explained by the maintenance for some time of the conditions upon which the forms depend, and not of an unaltered identity of the coronal matter — the permanency belonging to the form only, and not to the matter, as in the case of a cloud over a mountain-top, or of a flame over a volcano. It would be premature to speak at present of the information on this point which will probably be afforded us by photographs of the corona taken without an eclipse, but there seems to be some evidence that while a great form, as the rift referred to, may continue for months, the minor features are in such a state of continual change as would be expected from the known active conditions near the solar surface. It has been mentioned that the dates of the plates taken in England before and after the Caroline Island eclipse were such as to give no positive evidence as to the rotation of the corona with the sun. The

\* See "Comets," in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1882.

times were such as not to make such a rotation impossible, but the same appearances would have resulted if the corona had not rotated, but shifted slightly in position. If the forces to which the corona is due have their seat in the sun, the corona would probably rotate with it. If the corona is produced by forces external to the sun, in this case the corona might not rotate.

To return to the state of things within the corona. We have seen that the corona consists probably of a sort of incandescent fog, which at the same time scatters to us the photospheric light. Now the behavior of a gas in the near neighborhood of the sun would be very different from that of liquid or solid particles. A gas need not be greatly heated, even when near the sun, by the radiated solar energy; the hot gas from the photosphere would probably rapidly lose heat; but, on the other hand, liquid or solid particles, whether originally carried up as such, or subsequently formed by condensation, would absorb the sun's heat, and at coronal distances would soon rise to a temperature not very greatly inferior to that of the photosphere. The gas which the spectroscope shows to exist along with the incandescent particles of the coronal stuff may, therefore, have been carried up as gas, or have been in part distilled from the coronal particles under the enormous radiation to which they are exposed. Such a view would not be out of harmony with the very different heights to which different bright lines may be traced at different parts of the corona, and at different eclipses. For obvious reasons gases of different vapor densities would be differently acted upon by a repulsive force which varies as the surface, and to some extent would be winnowed from each other; the lighter the gas the more completely would it come under the sway of repulsion, and so would be carried up more rapidly than a gas more strongly held down by gravity. The relative proportions, at different heights of the corona, of the gases which the spectroscope shows to exist there — and recently Captain Abney and Professor Schuster have shown that, in addition to the bright lines already known, the spectrum of the corona in 1882 gave the rhythmical group of the ultra-violet lines of hydrogen which are characteristic of the photographic spectra of the white stars, and some other lines also — would undoubtedly vary from time to time, and depend in part upon the varying state of activity of the photosphere, and so probably establish a connection

with the spectra of the prominences. This view of the corona would bring it within the charmed circle of interaction which seems to obtain between the phenomena of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetic disturbances and auroræ.

Many questions remain unconsidered: among others, whether the light emitted by the gaseous part of the corona is due directly to the sun's heat, or to electrical discharges taking place in it of the nature of terrestrial auroræ. Further, what becomes of the coronal matter on the theory which has been suggested? Is it permanently carried away from the sun as the matter of the tails of comets is lost to them? Among other considerations, it may be mentioned that an electric repulsion can maintain its sway only so long as the repelled particle remains in the same electrical state; if, through an electric discharge, it ceases to maintain the electrical potential it possessed, the repulsion has no more power over it, and gravity will be no longer overpowered. If, when this takes place, the particle is not moving away with a velocity sufficient to carry it from the sun, the particle will return to the sun. Of course, if the effect of any electric discharges or other conditions has been to change the potential of the particle from positive to negative, or the reverse, as the case may be, then the repulsion would be changed into an attraction acting in the same direction as gravity. In Mr. Wesley's drawings of the corona, especially in those of the eclipse of 1871, the longer rays or streamers appear not to end, but to be lost in increasing faintness and diffusion, but certain of the shorter rays are seen to turn round and to descend to the sun.

It is difficult for us, living in dense air, to conceive of the state of attenuation probably present in the outer parts of the corona. Mr. Johnstone Stoney has calculated that more than twenty figures are necessary to express the number of molecules in a cubic centimetre of air, and Mr. Crookes has shown us in his tubes how brilliant matter, even when reduced to one-millionth part of the density of ordinary air, can become under electrical excitement; and yet it is probable that these tubes — perhaps the nearest terrestrial analogue of the thin matter of the corona — must be looked upon as crowded cities of molecules as compared with the sparse molecular population of the great coronal wastes.\*

\* For the history of opinion of the nature of the

Here it is well to stop, especially as new information as to the state of things in the corona may be expected from the daily photographs which will shortly be commenced at the Cape of Good Hope by Mr. Ray Woods, under the direction of Dr. Gill. WILLIAM HUGGINS.

From The National Review.  
THE GERMAN ABROAD.

I.—THE present movement in Germany towards colonial expansion promises to set in its right place the part played by her people in the settlement of the earth. This has been hitherto underestimated, as Germany has established no colonies of her own, and up to the present century her colonial activity has been intermittent. But the colonizing instinct has, since the earliest times, been innate in the German character. For centuries the history of civilization in north Germany is the history of the gradual conquest of the eastern provinces from the Wends, and of the patient reclamation of the soil. By their superior persistence and industry the Teutonic settlers pushed back in turn the various Sclavie populations whose irruptions had once thrust them to the west. Under different conditions the struggle continues at the present day, and German thrift and discipline even now gain ground in the Baltic provinces of Russia. This expansion of Germany to the east was followed by the rise of the great Hanseatic commerce. Nor can there be much doubt that, if the towns of the Hansa had retained their commercial pre-eminence, and if the steady increase of German population had been left unhindered, German enterprise in due time would have claimed its share in the allotment of the New World. But at the decisive epoch the heaviest calamity she ever experienced, and one that influenced the whole of her succeeding history and retarded her development, fell upon Germany.

The religious troubles of the sixteenth century drew to a head in the great religious war. When the Peace of Westphalia was signed, and the storm which had raged through the length and breadth of the land for nearly thirty years, was at last spent,

Germany was left desolate and exhausted. Her fields lay untilled, her forests had been wasted with fire, her commerce dislocated, while something like two-thirds of her population had perished. So appalling did the want of men and labor seem at the time that even the Catholic Church, according to some historians, sanctioned marriage among its priests. From that time to the beginning of this century, Germany practically retires from the field of colonial and commercial activity; for, whatever may be the last motives which impel the emigrant to leave his home, the necessary condition of successful colonization in the modern world is the presence of a redundant population at home. Moreover, the policy of the petty governments into which the country was broken up, was now uniformly directed to attracting and then restricting labor. This was absolutely necessary in the first place for the actual cultivation of the soil. In 1763 the humanitarian emperor, Joseph II., issued a warning to the princes of the Holy Roman Empire against allowing the migration of their subjects for this reason. With the rise of political ambitions an additional motive was supplied. In Prussia and elsewhere the serfs contributed exclusively the rank and file of the armies, which were officered by the nobility, while the commercial classes were exempted from military service.

After a long interval German population began to recover itself in the last century. But the process was gradual, and it received a heavy blow from the Seven Years' War, and again from the protracted Napoleonic struggle. During the eighteenth century the only considerable emigration was Catharine the Second's great importation of German peasants into southern Russia. And in connection with this appears for the first time that deep-rooted aversion to paying the blood-tax of conscription, which became an article of faith with the Menonite sect, and removed it wholesale from the Dantzic region.

II.—After the Treaty of Paris the enormous reproductive vigor of the German race soon reasserted itself, and the surplus population began to swarm off in ever larger numbers. The stream of emigration which had begun to dribble into New York before the close of last century, where the son of a Baden butcher had already established the future fortunes of the Astors, assumed its present volume and importance about 1820. Since that time it has kept roughly proportionate to the growth of population, increasing tem-

corona see "The Sun," by Professor Young; and "The Sun, the Ruler of the Planetary System," and various essays, by Mr. Proctor. See also papers by Professor Norton, Professor Young, and Professor Langley in the *American Journal of Science*.

porarily when wars and rumors of war have been in the air, and subsiding, as they disappeared, to its normal limits. Taking the last sixty years from 1822, the total number of German immigrants into North America was something over three millions, and the last decade has contributed a million alone. They have increased and multiplied in the land of their adoption, and the United States contain to-day some seven million citizens in all of German origin, who, according to many observers, are destined to become the predominant element in the new community. It has certainly pervaded the whole organization of society. German names are to be found among the leading merchants, the great financiers, and, to a minor extent, among the politicians, and if they occur less frequently than might be expected, it must be remembered that a regular process of converting German into English names, according to their signification, was instituted in the New York of last century.

The German settler, as a rule, makes a less enterprising pioneer than the British. He is averse to giving hostages to fortune, and trusts rather to patient industry along the beaten tracks. But where the English or Scotch American has pushed to the West or found a new mining-camp, the less adventurous Teuton follows, and, with his genius for plodding industry, not unfrequently reaps the fruits of the others' daring. Accordingly the mass of the German Americans may be found within the more settled eastern and central States. A large proportion go to recruit the territorial democracy, and an almost equally large number find employment in the mines, on roads and railways, and in the engineering sheds. The female immigrants do something to supply the general want of domestic servants, and the ubiquitous German Kellner is almost as well known in New York as in Dresden or Vienna. A small residue, again, which has carried into the New World the impracticable ideas and habits which made residence in the fatherland impossible, sink into the discontented urban populations among which Socialistic ideas are germinating freely.

Vast as their powers of assimilation are, the United States, however, do not absorb all the redundant population of Germany. Though no longer imported and settled in large bodies by improving empresses as an example of thrift, the peasants still find their way across the Russian frontier. The czar now counts nearly three quar-

ters of a million subjects of German origin, chiefly of the Bauer class, and they supply the best agricultural labor in his dominions. But, unlike their brethren in the more congenial atmosphere of America, they refuse to throw off their Deutschtum, and remain in unyielding opposition to their unsympathetic environment.

Among the steppes of new Russia, or along the flat banks of the shallow Volga, the traveller will come upon more than one cluster of villages with high-pitched roofs, bearing the familiar names of Weimar, Strasburg, Mannheim, etc., which witness to the existence of a secret Heimweh, *æternum sub pectore vulnus*. Considerable agricultural colonies have similarly grown up unnoticed in South America. In Rio Grande do Sul and the adjacent provinces, German settlers have rendered their territory the garden of Brazil; have given the landscape a new character with their Lutheran churches, and are wealthy and numerous enough to support five German newspapers.

Far away, also, under less clement skies, their perseverance has reclaimed a prosperous domain amid the swamps of the Dobrudscha. The Menonite settlement which lately passed under the Roumanian government numbers one hundred thousand souls. The beginnings of smaller settlements, again, are noticeable in Syria and Thessaly, intent on bringing under cultivation long-desolate tracts.

In England and in other populous countries the position of the German settler is naturally different. The immigration into England began with the political refugees of 1848, and developed its present character and proportions much later. At this moment the German element in England is probably under-estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand. It is concentrated in the large towns. The metropolis alone is credited with one hundred thousand German adults, and its German population suffices to support four newspapers, while a daily average importation of twelve thousand five hundred journals keeps it in touch with the fatherland. Manchester and Liverpool can boast another thirty thousand between them, engaged in commerce and finance. Indeed, according to a common saying, half the members of the Stock Exchange are now Germans, and this very exaggeration indicates the position they have acquired in the world of Capel Court. The majority, however, are rather to be found in the lower walks of commercial life.

The German clerk has become a con-



spicuous feature in the city, and tends to bring down still lower the scanty salaries of the class to which he belongs. There are eating-houses in the neighborhood of Mark Lane where the midday visitor might fancy himself transported into Hamburg, so general are the guttural interjections around him. Germans throng, again into several industries, while in the East-end there is a large but by no means prosperous body of tailors, whom Professor Boyce found it prudent, for electoral purposes, to address in their own tongue.

Even into France the intruding German has found his way. He has engrossed several branches of trade into his hands, has come to be the principal maker of the elegant *articles du Paris*, and from time to time provokes an outburst of indignant chauvinism. According to consular reports, exclusive of citizens of German descent, the republic shelters and maintains eighty thousand subjects of the Hohenzollerns. His presence is also felt in Italy, Hungary, and the Austrian Slav States. The same qualities win him a foothold everywhere; he works harder, lives cheaper, and asks less than the native. He threatens, indeed, in these respects, to become to other Europeans what the Chinese have become to the American.

Not content with the necessarily rough estimates of the number of German-descended settlers abroad, the imperial government last year set on foot a careful statistical inquiry into the number of expatriated German-born subjects. The returns are as yet incomplete, and do not embrace Russia or Asia. But they are significant as showing the direction this vast emigration takes. Out of nearly two and a half millions of German-born subjects in other lands, America contains one million nine hundred thousand, France and Switzerland respectively about eighty thousand, and England forty thousand.

It could hardly be expected that Germany, animated by a proud consciousness of her newly won national existence, should look upon this expatriation of her children with equanimity. There are many things in the position of their brethren abroad which are only too galling to the pride of the arbiters of Europe. Hardest of all, perhaps, for the German patriot to bear is the spectacle of his countrymen easily surrendering their Deutschthum, putting on another nationality like a cloak, and becoming oblivious of the common home. According to Hartmann's dismal lamentations, the German emigrant

is distinguished above all others by the ease with which he effects this change.

Certainly in America and Australia his complaint holds good. The vulgar system of transforming German into English names has already been remarked, and in the second generation the immigrant is entirely American, ostentatiously affecting to "schbick de Englisch only." Elsewhere the process of transition does not go on so readily. In Russia the German settler exemplifies the fundamental antagonism of Slav and Teuton, and retains a sense of his origin and inherent superiority among his more indolent neighbors. But in Russia the Bauer is contributing to the wealth, not only of a rival, but perhaps of a hostile nationality. He labors again, even in Brazil, under religious and civil disabilities; in the Dobrudscha the German villages were harried by Circassians in the late war, and now the Roumanian government seeks to plant its own husbandmen on the lands reclaimed by German industry. In other European countries the emigrant is forced to win a difficult footing by undertaking the most toilsome and unremunerative labor. He is, indeed, reduced into being a hewer of wood and drawer of water for alien peoples.

Apart from these sentimental motives there are urgent political and economical reasons why the demand for a greater Germany, for a German exit to carry off this surplus population, should now be made. A military empire depends upon its supply of recruits, and according to Bismarck's somewhat paradoxical theory, the emigrants are drawn from among the most capable and energetic citizens. This continual drain of military strength can hardly be looked upon without apprehension.

Again the economical loss to Germany by this outgoing of productive labor is tremendous. It has been calculated at an annual sum of £15,000,000, and for the last fifty years to amount to a capital sum of £700,000,000. These figures are probably pitched too high, but the substantial fact remains the same.

III. — At the same time the vital necessity of relieving Germany by an annual *Auswanderung* is now fully recognized. The necessity becomes daily more urgent. In Germany the birth-rate per mille has advanced to thirty-eight; in Great Britain it stands at thirty-five, giving a yearly increase in population for the two countries of six and four hundred thousand respectively. Hence every walk of life is con-

gested in the empire, and in the lower strata of society the struggle for existence has become almost internecine. The artisans have no accumulated resources to fall back upon as in England, and the pressure of the agricultural class upon the soil, for all its thrift and economy, is fearfully severe. The struggle tells chiefly, of course, upon life in its weaker stages, and the returns of infant mortality indicate how desperate it has become, how shrunken is the margin between production and consumption, and what the terrible remedy is which nature is constrained to supply. In populous tracts in the heart of the empire the rate of infant mortality reaches forty, and even forty-five, per mille. In corresponding English districts it does not rise above twenty.

For the last twenty-five years individual thinkers have proclaimed the importance of organizing German colonies to carry off this surplus population regularly, of preventing its absorption into foreign peoples, and of utilizing it for the common weal. For years their exhortations remained like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The country was engaged in consolidating its national existence; a superficial glance revealed the fact that the more desirable spaces of the earth's surface were filled up, and the official classes looked upon the proposal askance. Proud of the great work its industry and intelligence had already achieved, the Beamtenstand was confident of its ability to solve the newer problems by readjusting the relations of labor and capital, and by modifying the social organization.

The task has proved more formidable than was anticipated, and the attitude of the Socialists has disabused the bureaucracy of its confidence. In opposition even to the enticing schemes of the iron chancellor they show themselves determined to insist on their own inadmissible scheme of social reconstruction. Nor do they manifest more favor towards the colonial panacea; some of their leaders, indeed, have denounced it in the bitterest terms, both as impracticable and as an *ignis fatuus* likely to lead the nation astray from the true path of salvation. On the other hand, the commercial classes are warm in its support, and German conservatism generally hopes for the effect which a greater Germany may possibly exercise in diverting the imagination of the working classes from internal Utopias.

But the difficulties in the way of establishing transmarine agricultural colonies, and this is the central aim of German

aspirations, are very great. Germany has to make up the lee-way of two centuries, to recover the start which England obtained while she was torn and exhausted by recurring war. The suitable zones of the world are apparently already occupied, and neither the acquisition of islands in the Pacific, nor placing barren coasts or fever-swamps in Africa under the imperial ægis, will serve her purpose. Popular aspirations, indeed, point to a South African empire, incorporating the Transvaal and Cape Colony at our expense, and influential papers do not hesitate to air these aspirations. But neither these suggestions nor the more practicable demand for a Germany in South America have yet received the *imprimatur* of responsible politicians.

IV. — A like necessity for making up lost lee-way dominates the simultaneous movement towards commercial extension. Germany entered the commercial arena long after England had covered the globe with the network of her shipping routes and her credit system. To reduce the advantage gained, and to bring up their own lines to a level, a subvention is to be paid out of the national revenues. An examination of the four subsidized lines originally proposed, to China, Australia, Bombay, and South Africa, shows that they were meant to compete directly with existing English routes. In the same way the projected Transmarine Bank is to contend with the ubiquitous English banking and credit organization, of which the Germans are forced to avail themselves. Indeed, the *Cologne Gazette* has lately computed that by the use of English carrying ships, and by the payment of bank commissions, etc., Germany contributes a tax of £25,000 a day to the wealth of this country.

Handicapped, however, as German commerce has been, it has lately made great strides over-seas, thanks to its distinguishing qualities of thrift and industry. German competition is felt severely in the far East, and has cut down profits at Hong-kong to a minimum. And though the bulk of the foreign trade of China remains with the English, the coasting trade is rapidly passing into German hands. In South America they have secured a still larger share of her trade; their agents are active in the Pacific; and, besides the new territory of Lüderitzland, more than sixty factories have recently been established along the African coast, from Sierra Leone to Ambriz, while German influence had apparently gained a temporary ad-

vantage in Zanzibar. The demand for new markets is the more urgent now in Germany because the largest of her previous markets, Russia, is being closed against her. Not content with having sheltered themselves already behind an almost prohibitive tariff, the Moscow manufacturers, alarmed at the success with which their German rivals have transferred their plant into Russian Poland, in spite of the difficulties and expense, now clamor for a customs line to be drawn between the Polish provinces and inner Russia.

The loud demand for new markets is not, however, really so urgent, or sustained by such pressing causes, as the cry for colonial settlements. It may be doubted whether Germany's penurious soil possesses in itself sufficient mineral and other resources ever to allow her to contend with this country as the great manufacturer of the raw products of the world.

It is rather England who must seek new outlets for her commerce, as her old markets are exhausted or shared among new competitors, while the amount of human energy she supplies, and its more than proportionate productiveness, steadily increase, owing to acquired skill and improved machinery. Germany's first need, on the other hand, is for habitable and agricultural colonies, where her surplus population may be planted, and may not be lost to her. There is, therefore, no immediate cause of hostile rivalry; and German expansion with its orderly and commercial instinct, may be regarded as a valuable influence in the spread of civilization.

V. — In discussing German movements, however, it is impossible, at the present time, to omit reckoning with the views of the great statesman who controls her destinies. Prince Bismarck has been variously represented as reluctantly putting himself at the head of a colonial agitation which he really deprecates, and as using it merely in order to discomfit domestic opponents, or to make foreign governments feel his weight abroad. No doubt these last two reasons have had some effect in shaping the chancellor's actual policy. But Prince Bismarck appears to have needed no prompting for appreciating the necessity of colonial expansion, and to have given it his serious reflection long before the present Colonization Society met at Eisenach. In the days of the North German Confederacy, the rising minister lent all his influence to the pro-

posals of the firm of Godeffroys Bros. for the annexation of the Samoa group. A scheme was drawn up, dividing the land among military settlers, grants of arms were made from the royal arsenals, and the Hertha, the first Continental iron-clad which steamed through the Suez Canal, was despatched to give a vigorous support. Before the last arrangements, however, were completed, the Franco-German war intervened, with the internal consolidation and the diplomatic struggles which succeeded it.

But Prince Bismarck had not abandoned his early ideas; he was waiting till the time was ripe. In 1875 he made a tentative effort, without success, to wring a guarantee from the Reichstag for a new South Sea Company. Next year he was pressed to give his support to a proposed railway from Pretoria to the sea. He refused, but in private made the following significant statement to the intermediate agent: —

"The colonial question is one I have studied for years. I am convinced Germany cannot go on forever without colonies, but as yet I fail to perceive deep traces of such a movement in the country." Those deep traces have now been revealed, and it remains to be seen whether the iron chancellor will not be able, in spite of the apparently insuperable objects in his way, to give practical effect to the aspirations of the German nation, and to his own earnest conviction.

C. E. DAWKINS.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
REMINISCENCES OF SIR HERBERT  
STEWART.

BY A BROTHER OFFICER.

"HE is the best youngster I ever saw join a regiment," was the observation made by a popular officer of some standing in the service, shortly after Herbert Stewart joined the army. That this opinion was well deserved has been proved by the late Sir Herbert's short but brilliant career, the fatal ending of which, all who knew him and served with him do now so deeply deplore. A few reminiscences of his life, by one who had the privilege of his intimate friendship, may be interesting at the present time, while his memory is still fresh, and the circumstances amid which he met his death are still so engrossing men's minds.

Herbert Stewart was gazetted ensign in

the 37th Regiment, now the First Battalion of the Hampshire, in 1863. In the beginning of 1864 he joined at Aldershot, bringing with him the reputation (not an unimportant one in a good old English regiment) of having been captain of the eleven at Winchester School. The 37th were devoted to cricket, and the new subaltern proved an immense acquisition to the regimental team; he will be long remembered among cricketers as one of the best amateur wicket-keepers in England. With his valuable assistance, the regimental eleven of the old 37th was for many years hard to beat.

As a youngster, Stewart was never one of those who took pleasure in midnight orgies or practical jokes — amusements sometimes too much in vogue among young officers — but on festive occasions he preferred the whist-table or the billiard-room, where he always ranked much above the average player.

At Dover, whence the regiment proceeded from Aldershot, Stewart mainly distinguished himself at cricket and boating. In the regimental six-oar no man pulled a better stroke. He possessed in great perfection that ready co-operation of hand and eye so essential to success in all manly sports. Some of the older members of the Dover Club must still recollect his skill at billiards — his brilliant winning hazards at pool. This may seem a trifling matter; but Stewart's play indicated that swift judgment, quick decision, and imperturbable temper which so distinguished his after career — the success of which was predicted by those who knew him well.

Promotion was exceptionally rapid in the 37th Regiment at the time of which I write — many subalterns getting their companies after less than four years' service. Stewart was promoted to lieutenant in 1865, and selected for the adjutancy in 1866.

From Dover the regiment was sent to Ireland, where it spent a short year in various stations; and officers who were then quartered in that country must still remember Stewart's feats in cricket matches at the Curragh, Cork, and Fermoy.

In July, 1866, the headquarters of the 37th, with Stewart as adjutant, embarked at Queenstown in "the good ship *Blenheim*," bound for Calcutta. Good ship, however, proved a misnomer in this case, as the vessel grounded on the sandbanks at the mouth of the Hooghly, where she narrowly escaped shipwreck, — bumped about during a whole night, and was even-

tually so damaged that she was afterwards condemned, and never went another voyage. An awful night of peril and suspense was passed — necessarily a crucial test of pluck and character, death staring all in the face. The young adjutant on this trying occasion manifested the coolness and courage which were afterwards so prominently shown in his career.

On its arrival in India, the regiment was stationed in the Rohilkund district — one of the finest in that country for sport. Here it remained four years in different stations — Bareilly, Shahjehanpore, Moradabad. In the immediate neighborhood is found the best of wild-duck, snipe, and other shooting; while a night's *dāk* places one on the skirts of the *terai*, the grandest field in the world for *shikar*.

The 37th was at that time a young and very sporting regiment, and it had the good fortune to be commanded by a colonel who was second to none in the use of the rifle and the rod, and the keenest of all in every manly exercise. Under these auspicious circumstances, it is not surprising that the officers made the most of this elysium of the *shikari*. Tiger-shooting and other sporting parties were frequently organized; and Stewart was one of the most ardent and indefatigable of sportsmen.

Many men, after the novelty of killing their first tiger, find a certain tameness in this form of sport, and Stewart went in with perhaps more zest for the wild life and difficult stalking of the Himalayas and Thibet. In the latter elevated and treeless country the necessary hard work tells severely on the constitution; and only the most robust and enthusiastic of stalkers are likely to meet with success. It showed a good deal of determination and self-reliance for a "grif" fresh from England, with little knowledge of the country, or the language, ways, and manners of the natives, to start alone across these lofty mountain ranges, and make double marches in order to catch up his colonel, who had preceded him eight or ten days. This Stewart accomplished; and the party afterwards crossing the snowy range at the Niti Pass, made a most successful six months' trip to Thibet, returning with many trophies of *Ovis ammon*, burrel, etc. A similar expedition was undertaken from Cashmere by the same party in 1871, when a famous bag was made. These journeys entail very severe exertion, long and difficult marches on foot, and many days must often be passed without a sign of game or the chance of firing a shot.

Promoted to captain in 1868, and pro-

ceeding on leave to Simla, Stewart was selected by General X—— as his aide-de-camp. Many officers and civilians who were in Bengal at the time, will recollect him well in that position, and how people were sometimes heard to speak of "Stewart and his general"! We next find him employed in the quartermaster general's department in the camp of exercise at Delhi; and afterwards in the same capacity at Meean Meer. Whilst there, the 37th arrived, and in about a fortnight lost, by an outbreak of cholera, over one hundred lives. The recognized best plan of action in such an emergency is to move the stricken regiment (if possible, across a river), and in every way try to keep up the spirits of the men by games, music, etc.,—anything, in fact, to prevent the mind from dwelling on the terrible position.

Stewart's character came out strongly during this trying time; and the services of this young deputy assistant quartermaster general were invaluable in planning, superintending, and carrying out the arrangements necessary for the moves, camps, etc. Indeed, had a less efficient officer been on the staff, the regiment would have fared badly; but thanks to his strength of character and energy, things were managed, not in the spirit of red tape, but practically and thoroughly. It has been remarked by those who have experienced both situations, that a cholera camp is more trying to the nerves than a battlefield.

Having returned to England on leave in 1873, Captain Stewart exchanged into the 3rd Dragoon Guards. Although offered permanent employment on the staff of the quartermaster-general's department in India, he considered that his future interests lay in another direction. In 1877 Stewart entered the Staff College, creating rather a sensation by bringing with him a four-in-hand team. While there he was one of the foremost with the College draghounds, and was well known with Mr. Garth's and the Queen's. After completing the two years' course, being then only a captain of cavalry, and having seen no active service, he volunteered for South Africa.

Stewart afterwards declared that the Zulu campaign was the hardest piece of work he ever did. He was on the eve of embarking for England, almost unnoticed, when Lord Wolseley telegraphed to stop him, and gave him the appointment of military secretary, in the place of Colonel Colley, who had been ordered to India. Stewart thus got his foot on the lowest

rung of the ladder, up which he was so rapidly to ascend to fame. In the Secoconi campaign which followed, he discharged the very severe and heavy duties required of him with his accustomed energy, thereby receiving the well-merited approval of his chief, and afterwards his brevet of lieutenant colonel—which recognition of services no man better deserved.

We next see Stewart on Majuba Hill with Sir G. Colley, in the spring of 1881. He was close to his chief when that gallant but unfortunate officer was shot dead, and evidently one of the last on that fatal hill, for he was taken prisoner. He afterwards spent an interesting time with the Boers, who treated him well, giving him the very best they had. Like all who shared in that disastrous fight, Stewart was uncompensated for his hard service there.

After the Transvaal campaign he rejoined his regiment, and did duty with it in command of the detachment at Glasgow until early in 1882, when he was offered an aide-de-campship by Lord Spencer in Ireland. Here the lord-lieutenant found scope for Colonel Stewart's great abilities in many other than the ordinary duties of an A.D.C.,—although for these no man could have been more fitted. His handsome, expressive face and peculiar charm of manner, his active habits and bold riding, ensured his popularity with the Irish in the hunting-field as in the ball-room, and he was always a favorite in society; but his capacity for higher and more intellectual work was not ignored, at a time when long heads were much required in Ireland. On account of his sound common sense and rare tact, Stewart was specially fitted for diplomatic work of an important or delicate nature. He writes about this time from the viceregal lodge: "We are very busy over here with one thing and another, and I drop in for all sorts of work—one day I am a policeman, and the next a university reformer. This style of change suits my usual restlessness."

From this time Stewart's rise was very rapid. When selected for the brigade majorship of cavalry in the expedition to Egypt in 1882, he was only a major in the 3d Dragoon Guards, and a brevet lieutenant colonel in the army, having served in three campaigns, and been several times mentioned in despatches. He was present with General Drury Lowe's cavalry—latterly as deputy assistant adjutant general—during all the actions of that campaign, and in the splendid march of the



cavalry on Cairo after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. By this rapid march and vigorous pursuit the enemy was prevented from again rallying, the fruits of victory were reaped, Cairo taken, and the campaign practically ended. With the audacity, combined with shrewdness, which should ever be the leading characteristic of the *beau sabreur*, Stewart, by a clever disposition of his small force, deceived the garrison of Cairo — twenty thousand unbeaten regular troops — and demanded their instant surrender. Had they refused to capitulate, he could not for a moment have opposed the force against him with his tired-out cavalry. For these services Stewart was appointed A.D.C. to the queen, made a companion of the Bath, and promoted full colonel.

Last year he was again called upon to serve his country: this time in the Sudan, under Sir Gerald Graham, when he had the honor to command the cavalry brigades at the battles of El-Teb and Tamai.

At each of these engagements the cavalry did effective and gallant service, although that miserable weapon, the regulation sabre, proved its worthlessness, and the troopers eventually armed themselves with the lances of the dead Arabs. At the fight at Tamai, Stewart, now commanding a cavalry brigade, proved a friend in need to his former chief and sporting ally, General Davis (to whom he had been adjutant in the old Indian days), by coming to his aid at a most critical moment, when Davis's square was partly broken and temporarily pressed back. Stewart cleverly and boldly dismounted his horse-men, and by their effective fire checked the wild rush of Arab fanatics, and enabled the brigade to rally.

Stewart's last campaign must be too fresh in the minds of every one to need more than a few passing remarks.

Selected at Korti by Lord Wolseley for the command of a most arduous and dangerous enterprise, he hastened across the desert to Gakdul, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, where was the nearest ample water supply. Leaving his men there, he returned almost without rest, and again directly crossed the dreary waste with another contingent. This march of nearly two hundred miles in less than six days is unparalleled in its character, camels being the only mode of conveyance for men, water, and supplies. It will rank for rapidity and endurance — although a short-march with a small force — among the greatest historical marches on record. Very shortly after, starting

from Gakdul, with his whole force now concentrated — about fifteen hundred fighting men — he again struck across the desert, making for the wells of Abu Klea and the Nile. How he fought two successful battles — Abu Klea on the 17th January, and Gubat on the 19th — against overwhelming numbers of the bravest fanatics, where defeat meant annihilation, — how he was struck down at the fight on the 19th by a wound which has since proved fatal, — these things are well known.

Stewart was not more remarkable for his bravery and intelligence as a soldier, than for his endearing qualities in private life. Those who had the advantage of his friendship recognized in him a strength of mind and geniality of temper which made his companionship a real pleasure and privilege. He was often and very aptly spoken of as "a long-headed man," and he possessed in a remarkable degree the power of writing a good letter — of expressing himself clearly and concisely. Ever ready to help a friend in the hour of need, it was a common practice to resort to him for advice in matters of difficulty or delicacy, which was always given kindly and effectively. In that lamentable affair in connection with the death of the prince imperial, when Captain Carey was tried by court-martial, Stewart, who had been with him at the Staff College, assisted the prisoner with advice, suggested his line of defence, and helped him in his trouble. It cannot be supposed that this was done from any sympathy with Carey's conduct, but from a chivalrous impulse which led him to stand by a fallen comrade who was helpless and friendless.

In his rapid rise in his profession Stewart owed nothing to private interest. It was in the ordinary course of soldiering that he first met Lord Wolseley at Rorke's Drift, who, no doubt with that penetration for which he is remarkable, recognized in him a most capable officer, not to be lost sight of in future campaigns.

It was not only on the field of battle, in all manly sports, and in private life, that Stewart was ever prominent. He became, while at the Staff College, a member of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple, and of late years, between his campaigns, was often to be met during the law terms eating his dinners at the Inner Temple Hall. He had finished keeping his terms, but had not been called to the bar, when he quitted England for the last time.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since the

writer of this feeble tribute to his memory first met Herbert Stewart, and he had the privilege of his intimate friendship during ten years. He regrets that he does not possess the ready pen of his lamented friend, wherewith to express his sorrow at the loss of such a comrade.

To men who knew him best, Stewart's death creates a real and irreparable blank. That bright, cheery nature and charm of manner are seldom found combined in the same man with high intellectual powers, rare courage, and quiet determination. Whilst his companions in arms lament him as a true friend and dear brother, the army he adorned mourns him as a brilliant and dashing soldier, and a kind and thoughtful commanding officer; and the public whom he so faithfully served laments him as a rising servant, who had latterly become in their eyes the type of a born cavalry leader.

It must be some consolation to his friends and dear ones to have marked how, in these last scenes, not only they, but the whole nation, from her Most Gracious Majesty to the meanest of her subjects, watched with intense pride, interest, and anxiety, every gallant forward step in the desert, and seemed to be moved to the heart by the stirring and pathetic tale.

Herbert Stewart was only forty-one, full of life and energy, and zeal for his glorious profession. To think of him struck down at the supreme moment when he had achieved that fame which had been his dream throughout his career; suddenly taken from the fulness of a busy life, and the intense anxiety of his most difficult and responsible task; the sudden quietness of inaction after the storm; to picture the young general stretched on the bed of suffering on board Gordon's steamer on the Nile; afterwards tenderly carried back by his men through the long and dangerous return marches across the desert, the convoy of wounded fighting its way through the enemy; his thoughts, feelings, regrets, his bitter disappointment, — to think of these things is enough to draw tears from the eyes of strong men. Our gallant soldier, we can believe, encountered them with calmness and fortitude. Then the last scene of all at Gakdul — touchingly told by the telegram sent home by an officer of his staff: —

We buried him in the little British graveyard near the Gakdul Wells. It was the most impressive scene any one ever went through. We formed a procession in the valley, headed by the firing party, and the band of the Royal Sussex. Colonel Talbot read the burial ser-

vice. I looked up once. It is no exaggeration to say that every one round the spot had utterly broken down. I have lost the kindest, truest friend man ever had — and England, I honestly believe, one of her best officers.

The 19th Hussars made a forced march to try to be in time for the funeral, but arrived too late. This morning they came and asked to be allowed to do the stone-work round the grave, and have been working all day.

This is a touching testimony to the affection and respect in which he was held by his men.

Writing from Gakdul on February 20, the war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says: "Stewart was much beloved by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and any hour of the day you may see one or more of his friends sorrowfully regarding his grave."

His was a grand life, nobly ended; and although his body lies in a soldier's grave in the desert by the wells of Gakdul, his cherished memory and heroic example still remain with us.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life.

From The National Review.

1853 AND 1885.

The fortune of Athens, and her title to the benevolent aid of the gods, is still greater — if only you, Athenians, will do your duty. Yet here you are sitting still, doing nothing. The sluggard cannot even command his friends to work for him, much less the gods. I do not wonder that Philip, always in the field, always in movement doing everything for himself, never letting slip an opportunity, prevails over you, who merely talk, inquire, and vote without action. Nay, the contrary would be wonderful if, under such circumstances, he had not been the conqueror. But what I do wonder at is that you, Athenians, who in former days contended for Panhellenic freedom against the Lacedæmonians, who, scorning unjust aggrandisement for yourselves, fought in person and lavished your substance to protect the rights of the other Greeks — that you now shrink from personal service and payment of money for the defence of your own possessions. (Demosthenes, Second Olynthiac, Grote's Translation.)

It is admitted that in 1853–54 we drifted unnecessarily into a war with Russia. At the present moment all the symptoms of

the political crisis seem to indicate that the same causes are leading to a recurrence of the same consequences. Under these circumstances we think that it may be useful to recall briefly the circumstances which led to the Crimean war, and to observe the points in which they resemble or differ from the present situation of the Afghan question.

In 1853 Russia based her quarrel on her right to a protectorate over all Eastern Christians subject to the Porte. She grounded her claims on the treaty of Kainardji. When the Porte declined to acknowledge her claims, she crossed the Pruth and occupied Moldavia.

The object of English, and, indeed, of European diplomacy was to induce Russia to withdraw from the principalities. Many circumstances conspired to render it probable that diplomacy would be successful. The European concert was agreed in regarding the invasion of Turkish territory by Russia as unjustifiable, and all of the powers were interested in various degrees in resisting her encroachments. Had they insisted with a common voice that she should evacuate the positions she had occupied before her claims under the treaty were considered in a European conclave, it is unlikely that she could have resisted the pressure brought to bear upon her.

What were the causes that led to the failure of diplomatic influences?

First, no doubt, the divided counsels of the German powers. Austria, the power most interested in the withdrawal of Russia from the principalities, was also the one which was least disposed to resist her infraction of the public law of Europe.

Secondly, Russian delusion as to the state of public opinion in England. Though England was less immediately interested in the quarrel than any other power, the warlike spirit of the people was high, and sympathy with the Turk was general. The czar, on the other hand, believed that we really had become at last a nation of tradesmen whom nothing would ever rouse to fight, and he was encouraged in his mistake by the mission to St. Petersburg of the peace party, which he regarded as a message from the English people.

Thirdly, the characters of Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, and other statesmen at the head of affairs in England. These, instead of making use of the warlike spirit of the country to force Russia to withdraw from her unjust pretensions, were bent upon preserving peace by concilia-

tion and concession. Lord Aberdeen, in particular, was unable to believe that Russia, whom he had long regarded as one of the great guardians of the peace of Europe, could have so far changed her character as to have become an aggressive power. "Aberdeen," says the prince consort, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, "is quite right, and is to be honored and applauded for maintaining as he does that we must deal with our enemies as honorable men; but that is no reason why we should think and maintain that they are so in fact: this is what he does, and maintains that he is right in doing so." Hence the English statesmen who, if they had really represented their country, would have breathed a spirit of determination into the European concert, continued to act with a simplicity and timidity that hardened the Russians in their aggressive designs. "Aberdeen," says the prince consort again, "has unfortunately made concessions *which bring us nearer war*."

If, then, turning from the past to the present, we substitute Afghanistan for Turkey, we see that, as far as Russia is concerned, her conduct in the present crisis is precisely what might be expected from her antecedents. Her divine mission is now not the protection of Eastern Christians, but the preservation of order in central Asia. So long as she confines herself to keeping the robber Turkomans in order she will carry with her our best wishes for her success. But why should she come into Afghan territory in the accomplishment of her self-appointed task? Everything — the evidence of language; the evidence of maps, Russian as well as our own; the evidence of diplomatic agreement — shows that she has no more business there than she had in the principalities in 1853. The only question is, how far do her boundaries extend? And before we can settle how far her boundaries extend, old experience proves that she ought to be required to withdraw from the positions she has wrongfully occupied. Why, then, is she suffered to remain in them precisely as she was on the eve of the Crimean War?

The answer is, that the man who was Lord Aberdeen's chancellor of the exchequer, who shared his opinions, who sympathized with his temper, is now the prime minister of England. Mr. Gladstone is determined to have peace for the moment, at any price. He knows perfectly well that Russia has invaded the territories of an ally whose dominions we are bound in honor to defend, and he has feebly sug-

gested to her that it would be advisable for her to withdraw from them, pending negotiations. Russia, however, has declined to do anything of the kind, and England, in the person of her prime minister, has pleaded humbly for an "arrangement" that there shall be no further advance on "the debatable or debated ground" till the boundary has been settled by agreement.

Russia, then, is the same as she was in 1853; Mr. Gladstone is the same; the great question is, Is England different? We are richer and more numerous than we were then; are we as great, as honest, as courageous? It must be admitted that, at least in public esteem, we scarcely stand where we did before the Crimean War. Then we were, by common admission, the leading power in the European concert. Now, estranged by Mr. Gladstone's offensive conduct from our natural allies, in constant antagonism with the power for whose friendship we have made so many sacrifices, we occupy a position of complete isolation, and suffer almost every day insults and contumely that humiliate our national self respect. In 1853 we rejected with indignation proposals from the czar for the partition of the Turkish empire; to-day Russia seems to think that we ourselves may be regarded as the sick man, and that the British empire is in a state of dissolution.

What, then, is the difference between ourselves and the Englishmen of the last generation? In 1853 public opinion was represented in a free Parliament, and ministers felt themselves to be really responsible to the country. But in 1880, under the influence of an epidemic of party spirit, the nation returned to Parliament a majority pledged to follow blindly the lead of the single man who was able to hold them together, and, ever since, the foreign policy of England has been the sport of the nerveless hand and the vacillating will of the prime minister. Without an object in view, without a principle to guide their course, the government have drifted into dishonor in South Africa, into anarchy in Egypt, and are now drifting steadily towards war in Afghanistan. In 1853 ten governments of such a character would have fallen; to-day the ministry have ten times been saved from defeat by the servile fidelity of their party.

There seems to be some want of *manliness* in the people and their leaders, which prevents them from ridding themselves of their elected despot. The majority are

afraid to vote as their consciences bid them, lest they should let in — the Tories! Their opponents seem to be deficient in that plainness of speech which made the nation in 1854 turn to Lord Palmerston as the man who showed himself ready to assume responsibility. Added to which there is a natural reluctance in the people and in Parliament to weaken their government in a great crisis, which they have indeed brought about by their own folly, but which they make some show of meeting with firmness at the eleventh hour. The ministry have called out the reserves. So far good; good, that is to say, if, by this step they mean to show Russia that she must either retire at once from the "debatable or debated" territory or fight England. But if it means anything short of this, it is not good. It may be only a device to gain time. At the very moment that he is making this display of vigor, Mr. Gladstone has forced Parliament to accept a Convention which will, in two years' time, allow Europe the right of interference in the affairs of Egypt. He has, in fact, surrendered to France. Will he surrender to Russia in the same way by consenting to negotiate with her on the principle *beati possidentes*? If so, in two years' time we shall have to fight Russia with Afghanistan as our enemy instead of our ally, and with our road to the East barred by the interposition of a hostile power.

From Nature.

#### THE ACTION OF VERY MINUTE PARTICLES ON LIGHT.

THE action upon transmitted light of very minute particles suspended in a transparent medium is very well known, thanks to the investigations of Brücke, Tyndall, and others, up to a certain point. That is to say, that white light, passing through varying depths of a medium with such particles more or less thickly interspersed, is known to emerge colored yellow, orange, or red, according to the extent of the action in question. Wishing to illustrate this phenomenon experimentally, I employed a very dilute solution of sodium thiosulphate (hyposulphite), which was acidified with hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, and then allowed to stand, observing from time to time the appearances when examined by transmitted light. The solution mentioned is admirably adapted for the purpose, inasmuch as the precipi-

tation of the sulphur proceeds gradually; and, according to the greater or less dilution at starting, the completion of the reaction can be spread over a long period of time, in some of my experiments occupying more than forty-eight hours. For a while no turbidity whatever is visible; then a faint opalescence makes its appearance, and these exceedingly minute particles grow gradually in size, remaining, however, quite uniformly suspended for a considerable period, until a dimension is reached which causes them to settle out of the liquid. In this way I observed with unfailing regularity, and in unvarying order, though with various degrees of rapidity, an extension of the series of colors, which, so far as I am aware, had not previously been noticed, or at any rate published. From orange, the tint passed successively through rose red, purplish rose, to a full purple; then by insensible gradations to a fine violet, blue, green, greenish yellow, neutral tint, etc.

The solution was contained in spherical or pear-shaped flasks, or in cells with flat and parallel sides. A solution which was strong enough to give well-marked yellow, orange, and red tints, was not well adapted for the subsequent stages, as it soon became white and opaque, so that the later colors were almost entirely masked. A half-litre flask filled with a solution so dilute, that ten minutes or more elapsed after acidifying before opalescence was first visible, gave very feeble yellow and orange; the rose and rose-purple, though decidedly weak, reminded me in tint of the colors seen towards the upper margin of the recent sky glows; but when the full purple, violet, and blue were reached, the colors were very strong and well marked. A gas or candle flame, viewed through the solution, which was violet by transmitted daylight, appeared emerald green. After passing the blue stage, the colors through green and yellow were much weaker, until, as before mentioned, a neutral tint was reached. Beyond this, with such a dilution, nothing further could be satisfactorily observed; but by taking a much more capacious flask, and using a solution only one-half or one-third the former strength, faint orange and pink were again observed *after* passing the neutral point. And with these more dilute solutions, very strongly marked secondary effects were noticed after once passing the "blue stage." A distorted image of a window was formed in the flask, and while the bright portions appeared greenish, those parts where the

dark bars of the framework fell, appeared of a fine crimson color; after the neutral point had been passed, and the bright parts appeared pink, the dark portion of the image appeared a brilliant emerald green. In either of these stages a part of the solution transformed to a tall but narrow glass cylinder, had not sufficient depth to show any perceptible color when viewed by transmitted light, but placed on a dark background below a window, showed a crimson or green glow respectively when viewed at a certain angle, and a complementary glow when seen at a different angle (by raising or lowering the level of the eye, the cylinder remaining stationary).

With the solution in any given stage of development, the effect of increasing the depth of the column through which the light passed was to increase the saturation of the color to a large extent, and to alter its tint (apparently in the direction of the less refrangible end of the spectrum) to a much smaller degree. That the color observed at any given stage was owing mainly to the size of the individual particles rather than to their greater or less proximity, was shown by the fact that, on pouring away half or two-thirds of the contents of the vessel, and filling with water, the color, although much thinner, was nearly of the same tint.

I am not able to give the proportion by weight of the salt in the solutions experimented with; but I think about one gramme or less to the litre will be found to give good results. One or two trials, however, would soon indicate the appropriate strength.

The character of the colors and the whole nature of the phenomena led me to infer that they were in all probability caused by the *interference* of light; but as I could not see my way to a *rationale* of the mode of action, I deferred publication in the hope that by further investigation their exact nature and true cause might be more clearly worked out. The description in *Nature* (p. 439) of Prof. Kiessling's ingenious "cloud-glow apparatus," by which somewhat similar results have been obtained with steam and sal-ammoniac fumes, induces me to publish my own observations, in the hope that some more competent physicist and mathematician may furnish a satisfactory theoretical elucidation. Lord Rayleigh, I find, has carefully examined the properties of the light *reflected* from an acidified solution of thiosulphate; but its action upon transmitted light appears to have escaped



his attention. While Prof. Kiessling's method affords an independent confirmation of the phenomena in question, the thiosulphate solution lends itself much more readily to a study of the successive phases, owing to the slow and steady na-

ture of the action, and the ease with which, by altering the strength of solution and the depth of the layer interposed, the circumstances can be adapted to the most favorable observation of any portion of the series.

J. SPEAR PARKER.

**A NEW HOP COUNTRY.**—It is said that the coming hop-producing country is in Washington Territory, in the United States, between three hundred and four hundred miles from the Pacific coast. The district which has the most special qualification for hop-growing is in the western part of this Washington Territory, in the valley land of Puget Sound, whose climate, soil, and location appear to be "cut out" for the perfect development of this fickle crop. No hops were grown here until 1865. Now there are close upon eleven hundred acres, and there are indications of an increase of the plantation, which is not to be wondered at since the soil is so fertile that no manure is required for several years after planting, and the climate is most equable and thoroughly well adapted to the delicate constitution of the hop plant. Moreover there have not been, so far, any indications of disease. Mildew is unknown. Flies and lice are not dreamed of, and to use the words of the principal planter, "It is the hope and belief of hop-planters in Washington Territory that the peculiarity of their climate will always protect them from the ravages of disease so destructive elsewhere." Washington Territory has been occupied only recently by settlers. It lies to the extreme west of America, below British Columbia, between this region and the fertile lands of California. In the district of Puget Sound, situated in the western part of Washington, there are large and rich alluvial deposits, especially in the Puzallup Valley, where there is a depth of rich soil more than one hundred and forty feet, thoroughly congenial to hop plants. Here in this valley, lying between two ranges of mountains, about seventy miles apart—the Pacific Coast mountains and the Cascade range—is the chief centre of the Washington Territory hop plantations. The adjacent White Valley, which is longer and wider than the Puzallup Valley, has also a fair plantation of hops, which the settlers have every intention of increasing. It is stated that these two valleys could produce more hops than are at present grown in the whole of the States, if labor could be obtained to pick them. At present the picking is done by American Indians, who come down the rivers in their canoes at picking time, with their wives and families and all their belongings, to make peaceful raids upon hop lands, instead of the

savage descents which their fathers, and indeed some of the oldest pickers themselves, made in former days upon white men who ventured to settle upon their hunting ground, and to "come between the wind and their nobility." But these Indians are not plentiful. Civilization and "fire-water" are stamping them out. If the Washington plantations largely increase they will have to import other pickers, and this difficulty will probably limit the extent of the plantation, unless the "heathen Chinese" is allowed to come in again through the "golden gate." In the Californian hop grounds the picking is done by Chinese, who are admirable pickers, and who are pretty numerous, having a special quarter in San Francisco city, but so far as can be seen, there are no great inducements in Washington to lead them to migrate to this somewhat colder region. The crops of hops produced in Washington Territory are very large. In 1879, when the average of the rest of the United States crop was about five hundred pounds per acre, more than eleven hundred pounds were yielded per acre in Washington; and in this last year the average production was equal to fifteen hundred pounds per acre. One planter, the largest, grows one hundred and seventy tons upon one hundred and seventy acres. At this time the cost per acre seems to be about the same as in England. As the plantations extend, the picking will be more costly, and in time, unless circumstances alter materially, the difficulty of getting the picking done at all will stay further increase of the acreage. With regard to the quality of those hops, it appears from samples we have examined that they are very strong and rich. The color was not brilliant, and there was room for improvement in respect of the management, while the odor peculiar to all American hops was perceptible. This may diminish as the plantations get older, though this has not happened in the other hop-growing districts of the United States. The same unpleasant twang characterizes the produce of the oldest American hop grounds as much as it did thirty years ago, and it is thought it will cling to those of Washington Territory in the same manner. From this some consolation may be extracted by those who feel the competition of America, and of these new western plantations.

Maidstone Journal.